THE

CABINET;

OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

DECEMBER, 1807.

MRS. HARTLEY.

THIS lady is still living, and we are in expectation of obtaining shortly some particulars respecting her history, of which at present little is known to the public, excepting that she was remarkable for her personal charms, and was always mentioned as the beautiful MRS. HARTLEY.

She played the principal characters in tragedy for some seasons at Covent-garden, and was a considerable favourite in *Jane Shore*, *Lady Jane Grey*, and generally such parts as required an interesting person and a pleasing delivery, without demanding much power of voice, or energetic action.

Davies thus speaks of her in his account of the *Belle's Stratagem*, in which MRS. HARTLEY was the original Lady Touchwood:

"The most severe satirist who bestows one look on MRS. HARTLEY, must be instantly disarmed, and turn all his censure to panegyric. The calm and lovely innocence of Lady Touchwood could by nobody be so happily represented as by this actress, who is celebrated for her artless exhibition of the unhappy Shore and the beautiful Elfrida." *Life of Garrick.*

A NOBLE RUSSIAN.

Count Munich, was Prime Minister of Russia, in the reign of the Empress Anna Ivanowna, and in that of her successor Ivan; was condemned to suffer death by the Empress Elizabeth, but received a pardon on the scaffold; and, instead of being beheaded, was banished into Siberia. Count Osterman, his political rival, was to have suffered death at the same time, and in the same manner: he ascended the scaffold; saw the axe and the executioner; committed his soul to heaven; laid his head upon the block; expected the deadly blow; was lifted up; had his eyes uncovered; and was told that the Empress had spared his life, but that he must go into banishment. One might ask, whether, in this instance, mercy wore the vizor of cruelty, or cruelty the vizor of mercy?——The Countess Munich had the liberty of choosing, either to accompany her husband into a wild and dreary region in the north of Asia; or to remain with her acquaintance and friends in Petersburgh. Without hesitation or reluctance she chose to follow her husband.

The commanding officer of the fortress where the Count was confined, was strictly enjoined to allow him no more than the mere necessaries of life: and was ordered to indulge him in no alleviation of his sufferings. But, fortunately for Munich, the Officer had served under him in the Turkish war, and was a person of a generous and humane disposition. Moved by veneration for his General, whom he had seen performing so many gallant exploits, and conceiving himself out of the reach of information, by his great distance from the capital, he did every thing in his power to soften the rigour of exile; and, among other indulgencies, permitted him the use of materials for writing, and to have some intercourse with the inhabitants of the country. The Countess found amusement, and pleasure, and relief, during many solitary years, in instructing the children of the neighbouring peasants. For this alleviation of her misfortune she was indebted to the same goodness of heart, that carried her from the gaiety of social life into the midst of a lonely desart: for had she been proud and selfish, she could not have submitted to, or been capable of, any such employment; and must consequently have

been deprived of the comfort which it afforded her. Even the discharge of her duty to her husband, and his affectionate gratitude, could not otherwise have preserved her from pining. The Count found amusement in the exercises of a well-regulated understanding; he employed himself in writing the memoirs of his life, and in drawing plans of sieges and fortifications.

But these alleviations of their captivity were interrupted. A Russian officer passing through the country, and staying some days at the fortress, observed the liberty enjoyed by Munich, and had the singular inhumanity, on his return to St. Petersburgh, to inform Elizabeth of all he had seen. The dispositions which led him to inform, led him also to exaggerate. He insinuated, that the Count was plotting mischief against the Empress, or against the state: and that his plans and writings were not matter of mere amusement. Accordingly, the friend of Munich was suddenly recalled, divested of his authority, and threatened with the punishment of treasonable disobedience. But the Count, in order to exculpate his benefactor, sent all the papers he possessed, those memoirs, and those plans which were the objects of his affection, and his solace for many winters of dismal solitude: he sent them with the utmost readiness to St. Petersburgh. This effort cost him a grievous pang. They were burnt. But they were an oblation offered on the altar of grateful friendship; for he had the consolation of learning, that they had been the means of preserving his friend from rigorous punishment. He had not, however, the happiness of seeing him return to Siberia.

On the accession of Peter the Third he was relieved from his captivity; and, after an exile of twenty-five years, was restored to his former honours. One of the first persons he met with at Court, after his restoration, was his old enemy and rival Count Osterman, who, as was above mentioned, had been exiled at the same time, with himself, and was now also at Court, for the first time, since his recal. What, do you apprehend, were the sentiments of these two remarkable men, on this extraordinary and unexpected meeting? They had been equally ambitious; had possessed similar political abilities; had been engaged in the same pursuits; competitors for the same pre-eminence, and of course in violent opposition to each other: they had both been disap-

pointed, had suffered similar punishment, and were now, after a long period, in the same manner, and at the same instant, released. Would any remains of their old animosity still lurk in their bosoms, and still darken their hearts? Or, rather, cured of the ambition which had formerly set them at variance, would they not regard one another with some complacency? Would they not feel as if they had met in heaven? And, despising the littleness of their former dissentions, would not the recollection unite their affections? Such, perhaps, would have been the tendency of their feelings, if the presence of so many spectators, who beheld them with gazing curiosity, had not impressed their minds with the dread of impropriety, and so restrained their emotions. The circumstances were indeed disagreeable; and the Emperor, by whose clemency they were restored, would have shewn a delicate, instead of a whimsical generosity, if he had prevented a situation so very painful. I am indeed persuaded by the following anecdote, that if the heart of Munich had been allowed to flow unrestrained, it would have flowed in a full stream of complacency.—Soon after his return to St. Petersburgh, the person who had so maliciously informed against the Officer who had shewn him so much attention in Siberia, sought an early opportunity of waiting upon him, threw himself at his feet, and craved his forgiveness. "Go," said the old man, were my heart like yours, perhaps I might seek for revenge; but as I am out of your reach you have no reason to be afraid." An anecdote of the same kind is related of the Emperor Adrian. After his elevation to the imperial dignity, meeting a person who had formerly been his most inveterate enemy: "My good friend," cried he, "you have escaped, for I am Emperor."

'Munich died not long after the accession of Catherine the Second: and I have heard, that though much solicited, he would never accept of any marks of her favour. "I am an old man," he would sometimes say: "I have already suffered many misfortunes; and if I purchased a few years of life by the prostitution of my opinions, I should make but a bad exchange." He had, at the time of Peter's dethronement, given him some very spirited council: "Go forth," said he, "put yourself at the head of the troops you have with you, or go forth alone; address the two regiments that are marching against you: Tell them you are their sovereign, the

grandson of Peter the Great; ask them if they have been aggrieved, and assure them of full redress. I will forfeit my hoary head, if they do not fling down their arms, and fall prostrate before you." But Peter was infatuated; would not follow his counsels; and was dethroned.—The Empress Catharine shewed every mark of regard and attention to the son and grandsons of Munich.

PRESSING.

This mode of procuring mariners for public service in cases of emergency, is violent, alarming, and often dangerous; bearing hard on a useful body of men, whose exposure to the warring elements, seems to render additional calamity unnecessary, and apparently inconsistent with the genius of a free government.

Yet this harsh proceeding, so contrary to British liberty, seems a prerogative inherent in the crown, from general immemorial usage, grounded on common law; and though not directly, and in express terms, authorized by any particular statute, is recognised by many acts of Parliament, which it is not reasonable to suppose would mention a practice, illegal and repugnant to the principles of the constitution, without some mark of disapprobation.

War is confessedly a great evil, and pressing, one of the mischiefs which accompany it, but it is a maxim in law as well as sound policy, that private mischiefs must be submitted to, for the prevention of national calamity, and a greater calamity cannot be imagined, than to be weak and defenceless at sea, in time of war.

I will not harrass the reader or myself by a long and pompous recitation of acts from the petitions, as they were then styled, of the fifty-seventh year of the reign of Edward the third, to the statute of the second and third of Philip and Mary, which "layeth a penalty on watermen, for obstinately withdrawing and hiding themselves in secret places and out-corners, till the time of pressing is over-passed."

I come at once to that auspicious period, the revolution, when the principles of liberty were understood and asserted,

During the reign of King William, as well as that of Queen Anne, persons under certain qualifications, and of a certain description, were exempted from pressing, under proper precautions to prevent abuse.

These exemptions clearly and incontestibly pre-suppose and prove the expediency, the necessity and legality of pressing, as without such remedies or protections the law considers every seaman as liable and subject to an inconvenience, unavoidable in a maritime country.

This subject which was thought important by that great constitutional lawyer, Sir Michael Foster, will, I hope, be considered as not wholly unworthy the attention of general readers, stript of technical phrase, and legal jargon.

It may also tend to quiet men's minds when they are convinced, that this temporary invasion of liberty, after other various and ineffectual methods of manning the navy, have been repeatedly tried, is necessary for the welfare, and even the existence of the state, and that it is the law of the land; observing that the question of pressing freemen or landmen, is not at all affected by this declaration.

I should hope that this statement of a question, which has often afforded matter of declamation to ill-designing men, would stimulate all who are immediately or remotely concerned in commanding, or supplying the wants of the British navy, to exert themselves in alleviating the hardships, and administering to the comfort of English seamen, more particularly in preventing their being caned and insulted by *upstart striplings*.

Let us place ourselves in the situation of a man pressed at the moment of return from a long and perilous voyage, and exposed by the hard law of inexorable necessity, to be dragged from the dearest objects of love, and domestic affection, to seek for wounds and death, amidst the raging of tempests, and the noise of many waters.

C. P. B.

PAINT AND WASHES.

To you, my fair readers! this article is particularly addressed—and, Heaven send it may have a happy influence upon some of you!

What a collection of filth and trumpery have we here!—PAINT and PASTES!—GREASE and WASHES!—choicely disposed and carefully preserved in boxes and gallipots—in pans and platters!

What a labour to live, if all these are necessary!

Know ye not the wretches who invented and compounded them?—Why then I'll tell you—

They were, of human form, such as made a livelihood of cheating and corrupting the understanding of frailest humanity—

They would, by the gross, sell lovely ladies (once sparkling) eyes—for no more than twelve-pence!—to be afterwards dissected, displayed and retailed in object-glasses!—

Strip softest skins! (once pure and lilly-white, now parched and crusted!)—and vend them to beastly chapmen, for basest purposes—at less than half-a-crown a hide!—(they deserved not a comelier name, nor a better price, by that time)—

Pluck out their pearly teeth!—and wantonly sell them to idle boys, for chuck-stones, at doits a dozen!—

Their delicate nails!—they valued no more than the rude parings of their own!—

Their dainty locks!—(once descending in sweetest ringlets!)—by wicked artifice much chaanged in hue—would they next mischievously eradicate!—still drawing out, from day to day, by hairs and handfulls—till they had not left them a single hair upon their heads!

"That was wanton cruelty indeed!—for what end could they answer?"

None, but the most vile—for the life was gone!—much better might be gathered among the mansions of the dead, even after several years interment!—Still they might be useful in some sort—nothing is cast away in a trading nation—they might serve to stuff cushions and pack-saddles.

Think what time you waste in deforming; where you propose decoration and amendment!

Think to what nobler purposes, that time might be alloted!

Think what pains you take to render yourselves distasteful, whom nature had made so charming, so inviting !—sweetest of all her sweets !

A moment's reflection will point out to you, that no ingratitude towards Heaven can equal yours !

Figure to yourselves the most ghastly and horrible spectre, that ever affrighted FANCY made up !—Such is the figure of that monster, INGRATITUDE TOWARDS HEAVEN !

What lifts the head, and gracefully falls the shoulders—like conscious INNOCENCE ?

What vermillion can vie with the maiden-blush of MODESTY ?

Only BENEVOLENCE can add lustre to the eye.

The ear is deaf to true harmony, at which the voice of DISTRESS finds not a ready entrance.

No feeling, like PITY—no smell like the fragrant breath of LOVE—no taste, without GOODNESS.

All PAINT and WASHES are pernicious !—ye bedaub your MINDS, in the self-same instant that ye decorate your BODIES ! ye leave stains there, which no fullers-earth nor time can expunge.

Believe me, LADIES !—nothing clears the complexion, smooths the skin, and keeps wrinkle at due distance—like FAIR VIRTUE and FAIR WATER.

ORIGINALITY.

THERE are few things in which critics are more liable to mistake, than in their decisions on the originality of a writer. A man who will adopt and maintain the most monstrous paradox ; who will assert that Virgil was no poet ; that Homer never existed : that Xerxes was an inferior satrap dependent on the great king ; that Alexander was a son of Darius ; and that Jason was Noah, and the ship Argo, Noah's ark ; such a writer will be cried up as a miracle of original sentiment and research by some of the superficial critics of the present day ; while the man of active and penetrating genius, who is really original in his perceptions and combinations, shall, because these are clearly defined, and bring conviction at once to the understanding, be considered as the retailer of trite and common-place opinions : as every man fancied he could have discovered the way to make an egg stand on its end, after Columbus had shewn the method of doing it.

THE ARTS.

No. X.

VIEW OF BARTOLOZZI'S STUDIES, AND OF HIS STYLE: HIS WORKS COMPARED WITH THOSE OF OTHER ARTISTS.

Respectfully addressed to

SIR M. M. SYKES, BART. SLEDMERE.

BY MR. CAREY.

Bartolozzi had the good fortune to be born on the classic ground of Italy, among scenes rendered illustrious by heroes, and sages, and patriots, celebrated by the Muses, and enriched by the noblest productions of the pencil and chissel. From his childhood he was familiar with the purest forms of nature, and the most sublime combinations of art. He was endowed with a mild temperament; a mind susceptible of the most exalted impressions; an eye quick, faithful, and discriminative; a hand, bold and capable; dispositions to profit by every great exemplar; habits of earnest application, and an ardent ambition to excel, which rarely fails to point out the path to success, and to ensure the means of celebrity.

Where other artists terminated their career, Bartolozzi commenced. His studies were founded on the only certain basis; a perfect knowledge of the human figure, in its sexual oppositions, and in all its stages of infancy, youth, manhood, and age. He was not contented with the superficial precepts of the day. He made himself master of every part of the internal structure, from the configuration and knitting of the bones, to the insertion, swell, and fall of the muscles as alternately changed in appearance by the richest varieties of action and repose. He as sedulously attended to the contours of the head, and to the bold flexible lines which mark the play of passions and distinguish characters of majesty, deep thought, and superior intelligence, from the sterile front and unmeaning flatness of mental vacuity.

Fortunately he did not confine himself to the copying of forms. Nor did he fall into the common error of mistaking the means for the end. He drew incessantly from

the antique. He looked up to the splendid monuments of taste which have immortalized the purest eras of Greek and Roman sculpture, as the great fountain of light from whence the modern world of art is to derive its perfection. He was sensible that those animated marbles, however different in age, sex, and character, derive their superior excellence from one comprehensive principle. He struggled to grasp the elevated idea, which, with exquisite conformity, cast the gigantic bulk of the Farnesian Hercules, and moulded the delicate proportions of the Venus of Medicis. The lofty symbol, which displays the utmost limits of virile power and the matchless epitome of female loveliness, were not the result of cold laborious measurements. Nor were they produced by pedantic attempts to fix a general standard of uniformity. Bartolozzi beheld in them that admirable selection and rare union of parts which, on whatever scale the figure rises, is essential to the symmetry of a perfect whole. By the light of this polar truth his mind rapidly expanded. He learned to correct blemishes in the living outline; to look beyond individual man, as he found him, debased in form and feature, by moral and physical evils, to man, the great origin and standard of the species, fresh from the hands of his creator,

* Erect and high, a fair proportion'd form,
Whose port sublime a god-like grace display'd,
Whose eye undaunted, brav'd the thunder storm.

Cold is that breast, torpid are those feelings, feeble is that conception, which can only find pleasure in some isolated pursuit of genius or particular school of art. The fine imagination, whose eagle flight spurns the range of existing nature to soar into worlds of its own creation, cannot limit its enthusiasm to a single system. Bartolozzi felt the powerful analogy between poetry, painting, and sculpture. In intervals of relaxation, he cultivated the belles lettres with avidity. Homer and Virgil, with Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, and the best moderns, united to fertilize and elevate his fancy, naturally warm and genial. His cotemporaries, with astonishment, beheld the rich harvest of his labours. By comparing the finest models, by assiduous practice, by uniting persevering energy with judicious and solid reflections, he

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* From this Author's Manuscript Poems.

acquired truth and facility of execution, freedom and correctness of design, a mature judgment, animated perceptions of grace, loveliness, and beauty, and at an early age, that pure classic taste which, like an intuitive faculty, ennobled every thing he touched, and will render his works, to the highest degree, precious, in the eyes of the latest posterity.

With such distinguished practical powers as a designer and engraver, in the prime of his life, Bartolozzi quitted the shores of Italy for those of England. His reputation had preceded him. Every lover of the Arts, every cultivated mind was prepared to rejoice on his arrival. The Royal Academy enlarged the sphere of its own honours by enrolling him among its members. The ablest Painters sought to establish a more general reputation with the public, and to descend, with additional claims, to posterity, by procuring prints to be engraved by him, from their most successful pictures. He at once found a liberal encouragement for his talents. He obtained his own price for whatever he undertook. A crowd of pupils hastened to receive his lessons.—They hoped to acquire, if not some emanation from his genius, at least the profitable name of having formed themselves under so celebrated a Master.—Not only the young men who enjoyed the felicity of studying under his roof, but those who were employed by him elsewhere, and the whole body of English engravers, looked up to his works as an immutable standard. Ingenious foreigners resorted to England to imbibe his instructions. Travellers of distinction deemed it an honour to be introduced to him. He was courted by almost every literary and eminent character in the nation. In this enviable circle, beloved and respected by his pupils and the public, he gradually formed that memorable school of engraving, whose works excited the applause and imitation of Europe, threw a lustre upon that Augustan era of British Arts, the decline of the seventeenth Century, and opened new speculations to British Commerce as a lucrative export to distant regions.

From a survey of the course of his studies as a Draftsman and Designer, and a brief notice of the career of his labours, his style as an engraver becomes the subject of consideration. It is easy to get rid of the task of investigation by *general terms* of praise or censure, The words *fine*, *excellent*, *admirable*,—*bad*, *wretched*, and *execrable*,

certainly possess a powerful significance. Yet it requires but small mental resources to grace them with the utmost emphasis of fluent delivery. A liberal spirit, in rendering homage to exalted talents, disdains to acquit itself by so unworthy a subterfuge. The analysis necessary to mark distinctly the characteristics of extraordinary merit, is undoubtedly attended with difficulty: But that difficulty is lessened by a love for the subject, and it is forgotten in the hope of interesting an indolent and luxurious public in behalf of the arts, which, with the artist, are the object of impartial discussion.

Breadth, *mellowness*, *harmony*, and *correctness*, constitute the great principle of Bartolozzi's style. *To this principle* every thing is subservient, whether his mode of handling be finished stroke-engraving, or stipling, or etching with the fire of a painter, or an union of these with aqua-tinta. *By it*, his portraits, his single figures, his groups, his landscapes, his grand historical prints, all are enriched and elevated. Simplicity of execution appeared to him the fittest means to obtain his end. He never falls into the error of breaking general effect by the ostentation of a contrasted direction and crossing of stroke on each particular object. Among other able artists, the celebrated *Edelink* of the old French School, and *Wule*, the most famous of the modern engravers, for *beautiful manual dexterity*, were not satisfied with having introduced the latter practice with propriety, in their prints from the high-finished works of *Gerard Douw*, *Mieris*, *Netscher*, *Terburgh*, and other *Flemish painters*: They injudiciously employed it in many of their *fine historical engravings* after the great *Italian masters*.—Their several stuffs, silks, satins, metals, glass, and other substances, are so laboriously identified, as each to attract the eye, by a petty effect, at the expence of the principal parts of the composition. On the contrary, Bartolozzi, in the true spirit of an historical painter, rejects all petty identification. He only marks each subordinate object by its *general character* of light, shadow, form, and density. Yet the folds of his Drapery are learned and noble; and they possess an unequalled flow and majesty of determination. His trees, water, buildings, clouds, and every part of his backgrounds, are etched and finished with surprising lightness and vivacity. He intermixes etching and engraving so admirably, as to retain the freedom of the one without its roughness, and the commanding firmness of the other

without its dryness. Although no artist ever possessed greater facility, sweetness, or spirit, of graver and point, yet he, at all times, rises superior to the *mechanical pride* of *elaborate tooling*. His stroke, on whatever it is employed, or however diversified, invariably melts into bold, effective masses. He leaves no busy details: nothing spotty or glaring: no affected oppositions: no part obscured or suppressed, because misunderstood or inaccessible to his power. The profound intelligence and the master-hand are every where visible. His lights are warm and rich; his shadows ample and forcible, yet free from that *blackness* which is not to be seen in nature, but which so many mistake for strength of effect. Every part rests in grand subordination. Every object is chastened by an enchanting sobriety of tone; and a charming union of spirit and softness, of lustre and repose, forms an harmonious spell in his style, and a proud superiority in his productions.

But it is in the most difficult parts of his art, and where the ablest engravers have failed, that Bartolozzi displays his greatest powers His exquisite drawing of the naked, can only be equalled by the tenderness of his flesh and the perfect relief of his forms. The critical eye knows not which most to admire, the unbounded extent of his knowledge, his fine choice, or the unerring certainty with which he determines every part of the extremities of his figures. In this respect, Raphael's engraver, *Mark Antonio Raimondi*, in his best prints, Neptune rebuking the winds, and the loves of Cupid and Psyche; with *Mark* and *Sulvester* of *Ravenna*, and all the disciples who form the glory of Raimondi's school, are confessedly inferior. *Æneas Vico* of Parma, and the esteemed family of the *Ghisi* of Mantua, although possessed of extraordinary merits, are alike unequal in this prime essential. But it is not these very early artists alone who rank subordinate to him. The most eminent of those men who, from their high powers in the twin arts may be justly denominated *Painter-engravers*, are each more or less beneath him. *Cherubino Alberti*, immortalized by his precious friezes after the sublime compositions of Polidore Carravaggio, and by his works after Michael Angelo, *Francesco Villamena* of Assisi, whose presentation in the temple from PaolaVeronese, and St. Francis in extacy, from Baroccio, hold so high a reputation in every classic collection; *Cornelius Cort*, distin-

guished by his School of Art, from his own design, by his fine historical prints from Julio Romano, Titian and Jerome Mutian, and by his capital work, the Transfiguration from Raphael; all of those eminent engravers, although able painters and designers, so highly esteemed for the truth, boldness, and beauty of their works, fall far below Bartolozzi in their drawing of the naked figure. Of all his numerous predecessors and cotemporaries, *Agostino Carrache* the celebrated disciple of Cornelius Cort, and the brother and rival of the illustrious Annibale, is alone worthy of being classed with Bartolozzi in this superior excellence. The hands, feet, and muscular details in Agostino's historical prints, are marked with all the fire and precision of an able painter. The heads of his men are equally noble and spirited. His admirable print of the filial piety of Æneas, from Baroccio; his St. Jerome from Tintoret, and his Martyrdom and Apotheosis of St. Justina, from Paolo Veronese, are rare examples of his extraordinary skill.—His fore-shortenings are perfectly understood and happily executed. His outline is grand. His forms correct and masterly; but his females are deficient in delicacy. His draperies are slighted. His general effect and keeping are not attended to, and he wants the fascinating breadth of tint and embodied roundness of Bartolozzi's figures.

On a view of his best works, *Giacomo Frey*, deservedly esteemed the ablest finished engraver of the Italian school, approaches nearest altogether to the style of Bartolozzi. He seems to have worked upon the same general principles. His drawing was masterly. He understood the antique, and designed ably. Like Bartolozzi, he grew up among the most celebrated works of art. His cotemporaries, the disciples of *Bluemart*, *Spierre*, and *Pailly*, executed their prints in a cold, dry, insipid manner, *with the graver only*. Frey, in avoiding their monotonous effect, appears to have gone rather too far in laying in and nearly finishing all of his masses with crossings of the *etching point*. It is certain that there is a superior sprightliness and freedom produced by the etching point, but care must be taken to leave sufficient room for the sweetening touches of the graver in finishing. He generally etched rough, long dots upon the middle tints and local colours of his flesh, and upon the high lights of his draperies, skies, and other objects. This mode took away considerably from the delicacy and sweetness of

these parts. The reflections on his draperies and on the contours of his figures, are frequently obscured by the too strong operation of the aquafortis. His masses are confused by that sameness of colour which he condemned in others. Although his extremities are correctly drawn in general, yet there are parts, in his hands and feet, suppressed in shadow, apparently to hide their want of determination; and his females are inclined to heaviness. But, with all these slight imperfections, he has enriched the world with a multitude of prints engraved in a free and noble style.—In old heads, and in the emaciated expression of age in the naked, he has no superior. His angles and circles from Domenichino, his Bacchus and Ariadne, and his Aurora from Guido, are commanding specimens of his powers. His Doctors of the Church, from the latter Master, is one of the most capital productions of the art; and if it must be admitted that he is generally inferior to Bartolozzi, it must not be forgotten that the latter had the advantage of forming his style upon that of Frey—and that Frey, although second to Bartolozzi, has only one or two equals in the ancient or modern schools.

Bartolozzi's portraits have more of the breadth of Giorgione and Titian, than of the minute individuality of *Miravelt* or Janssens. In the confined scope of this subordinate branch of the art, he has been *occasionally* excelled by *Masson*, *Van Schuppen*, and *Edelink*; *more frequently* by *Nanteuil*, the inimitable Vandyke of portrait engraving; and, *in a few instances*, by *Houbraken*, the celebrated engraver of the illustrious heads. *Gerard Audran* has the glory of having surpassed him in depth of historical colour, in dauntless energy of stroke, and in that unquenchable fire which burns in his battles of Alexander from Le Brun. But, in breadth and harmony of effect; in antique purity of drawing and character; in sublimity and pathos of expression; in manly youth, beauty, and symmetry; in the impassioned forms of female loveliness, joy, sorrow, and tenderness,

> ———"which, wove in Fancy's loom,
> Float in light vision round the Poet's head,"
>
> MASON.

Bartolozzi rises, the son of the Graces, the Raphael of his art, filling nearly the whole scale of perfection, far—far indeed, beyond the reach of every competitor.

After having for nearly forty years possessed the highest station in the British school of arts, there was but one circumstance wanted to consummate the fulness of his honours, at the close of a life of nearly eighty years. This circumstance has taken place in the memorable spectacle of two distant Kingdoms contending for the possession of this illustrious and venerable artist. England, from which he has withdrawn his light, universally deplores his loss as a national misforture. Portugal, no doubt at this moment, exults in his acquisition as a national good. Europe, interested in the destinies of a man born to give an impulse to ages, declares it equally glorious to the talents of Bartolozzi and to the liberality of the Portuguese Monarch who invited him to his dominions, in the confidence of deriving sufficient illumination from his setting sun, to direct the taste of his subjects and their posterity.

ONE TRAIT OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

To his Highness the Lord Protector of the commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland,

The humble petition of Marjery, the wife of William Beacham, mariner, sheweth, That your Petitioner's husband hath been active and faithful in the wars of this commonwealth, both by sea and land; and hath undergone many hazards by imprisonment and fights, to the endangering of his life; and at last lost the use of his right arm, and is utterly disabled from future service, as doth appear by the certificate annexed: and yet hath no more than forty shillings pension from Chatham by the year; that your petitioner, having one only sonne, who is tractable to learn, and not having wherewith to bring him up, by reason of their present low estate, occasioned by the publique service aforesaid, humbly prayeth, that your highness would vouchsafe to present her said sonne Randolph Beacham, to be scholler in Sutton's Hospital, called the Charter-House.

"OLIVER, P. We referre this petition and certificate to the Commissioners of Sutton's Hospital."

A Letter sent by Oliver to his Secretary on the above Petition.

"You receive from me, this 28th instant, a petition of Marjery Beacham, desiring the admission of her son

into the Charter-House. I know the man, who was employed one day in a very important secret service, which he did effectually, to our great benefit and the commonwealth's. The petition is a brief relation of a fact, without any flattery. I have wrote under it a common reference to the commissioners, but I *mean* a great deal more; that it *shall* be done, without their debate, or consideration of the matter: and so do you privately hint to ——.

"I have not the particular shining bauble or feather in my cap, for crouds to gaze at or kneel to; but I have power and resolution for foes to tremble at. To be short, I know how to deny petitions; and whatever I think proper, for outward form, to referre to any officer or office, I expect that such my compliance with custom shall be also looked upon as an indication of my will and pleasure to have the thing done. See therefore, that the boy is admitted.

"Thy true friend,

"*July* 28, 1655. OLIVER, P."

Thus it is always, when tyranny gains the ascendant: the forms are preserved, the substance is gone. And thus it was in ancient Rome: consuls, prætors, tribunes, and other officers, were elected duly and in form, long after the empire had lost its liberty, and all were subjected to the will of one. It is curious to observe, with what apparently conscientious respect Tiberius, for instance, abstained from interfering with these personages, either at their elections, or with their deliberations in the senate; while the dissembling tyrant was the capricious and arbitrary director of the puppets, and the sole spring of every movement. Perhaps other nations might be found, who have fancied themselves free, because in possession of ancient and known forms, though the substance or vital spirit of liberty was really departed, and some secret influence has governed the whole: and perhaps the *progression of manners*, as it has been called, and the necessary course of human things, will always have it so. S.

THE COLLECTOR.

No. III.

Undique collatis membris.—HOR.

LOVE AND LUST.

It is common with men and women of a *certain* description, to ridicule sentimental attachments, and to insist that the two words which stand at the head of this article, are one and the same thing.

More than forty years ago, a licentious female endeavoured to support this unfounded and degrading theory, by telling, and in my opinion fabricating a story, which she meant as an apology for her own conduct.*

If this wretched woman could have proved that the noblest and most generous of all passions, was only brutal appetite, and that both sexes, indiscriminately, and without exception, acted upon mere animal impulse, in their intercourse with each other, she would by this means have rendered the whole human species her associates in vicious indulgence.

Her false and flagitious mode of arguing was eagerly encouraged by the weak, the wicked, and the sensual, who thought it a *glorious apology* for themselves; but it was at the time successfully attacked: the following is her narrative.

"In a village near London, lived a surgeon of repute, whose family consisted only of himself, his wife and daughter; within a few doors, an officer's widow resided, with a little boy, her only child; professional occasions had first produced, and a similarity of dispositions, pursuits and amusements, had still kept up an intimacy between the parties. The children went to the same school early in life, and as they grew up, a reciprocal attachment was formed, without any verbal declaration on their part, or its being at all noticed by their parents.

"At the age of seventeen, the young man, by the interest of his friends, received an appointment on board a king's ship; visiting his neighbours the day he quitted home to take leave of them, little was said by the young people, but their looks and manner of separating sufficiently expressed what they felt.

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* Mrs. Catherine Phillips.

" Soon after the young sailor's departure, an alteration was observed in the health and appearance of the young woman; she lost her spirits, her appetite, and sleep; symptoms of a consumption came on, and after various efforts for her relief, her complaints ended in madness, and she was placed in a receptacle for patients of that description, where she remained six or seven years, apparently in a state of irrecoverable insensibility, till the following incident awakened the attention of her unhappy family.

" Her mother who visited her most days, had on one occasion carried a few sweetmeats, but not being able to prevail on her daughter to taste them, had left them on a table in her room; the paper in which they were wrapped, was afterwards found under her pillow, with the name of her former school-mate pricked with a pin on various parts.

" Though the cause of her melancholy cannot have escaped the observation of my readers, it had not hitherto occurred to the unhappy father; but when this little incident was related to him, a ray of light burst at once upon his mind; he saw his only child evidently precipitated into a state, far more deplorable than death, by despairing love.

" In this, as in other diseases, it was hoped that when the cause was ascertained, the remedy might easily be found; but the widow had for several years resided in a remote county, in the north of England, and her son, the ship having been ordered to the East Indies, had not been seen or heard of for three years. On further enquiry, the anxious parents understood, that he was soon expected to return; and it was determined to take no further step till that time.

" In a few weeks, the arrival of the ship was announced, and he repaired, soon after landing, to the village where he had passed the most pleasant moments of his life; but heard, before he reached the surgeon's, the melancholy news. Hastening to the house of affliction, his visit, so well-timed and unsolicited, his tender enquiries, his generous sympathy and condolence, considerably diminished the anxious apprehensions of the unfortunate parents.

" They informed him, without reserve, of every minute particular respecting the young lady, when he pro-

fessed himself not only ready, but anxious, by every means in his power, to forward the recovery of a beautiful and amiable woman, whom he had always loved; insisted on seeing her, and as introductory preparation did not seem necessary, in a case where hope and fear were extinguished, they conducted him to her cell.

"On opening the door, he started back with horror and surprize; the object he beheld was the remains of a form and a mind, which had once interested and pleased all who beheld it; of one, whom he had left in the bloom of health, animation and beauty; with roses on her cheeks, sensibility and good sense beaming from her eyes, the pride of her parents, the enlivener of all her associates;——alas, how changed! her countenance pale, squalid and emaciated; her eyes, with fixed insensibility, rivetted to the ground; her hair dishevelled, her dress neglected; she was reclining on the floor, with her head resting on one of her hands.

"The company not at all attracting her attention, the young man suppressed, as far as he was able, those emotions which so sad a reverse naturally produced, and ventured to approach her.

"Gently pressing the unoccupied hand, which lay on her side, she turned her eyes on him, as if they passed over an empty space, and immediately relapsed into torpid listlessness; he then called her by name, when strange to tell, at the sound of that well-known voice, which had so often charmed her ear, her memory and faculties seemed to be suddenly awakened; she changed her attitude, and, after a recollective gaze on the object of her affections, in which fear, doubt, and joy were mingled, she sprung from the ground, burst into tears, and rushed into his arms.

"A medical gentleman, who had been requested to attend, saw the tears with considerable satisfaction; they were the first she had shed during the whole of her indisposition, and were thought favourable.

"The lovers were separated for the present, but as her senses gradually returned, his visits were repeated, when it was observed, that she was anxious to alter her dress; at the end of three months, being pronounced perfectly recovered, she was married to the man of her heart.

"The happy father would not suffer them to quit his hospitable roof; and at the end of ten months, she be-

came the mother of a fine boy; it was during the interval of her confinement on this occasion, that her husband was suddenly called to the north, by the dangerous illness, and afterwards detained by the death, of his mother.

"He was absent six weeks, on various family concerns; but flying on the wings of affection to his wife and child, and travelling the last fifty miles in a night coach, he arrived soon after day-break at the village where she resided; the servant at the moment of his approach was opening the windows of the house in which they lived.

"In a transport of impatient delight, he hurried to the bedchamber of his wife, whom he found in bed, asleep, and in the arms of her father's assistant.

"Struck with horror and astonishment, he had neither resolution nor inclination to awake the guilty couple, but instantly quitted the house, to which he never returned."

Such are the circumstances related by an infamous woman, who concludes with remarking, that purity is only a mask to conceal vicious inclinations; that love is no more than a refined phrase for lust. Her narrative is improbable as a fact, and unnatural as a fiction; it is the fabrication of a prostitute, who endeavours to confound pure and tender affection with sensual appetite.

It is a base, but vain attempt to degrade man, and through him, his Maker; if we are once convinced that we are brutal by nature, we shall soon become so by habit; if we once believe that vicious indulgence is common to all, but concealed by the cunning and the prudent; the general fashion will be to hide, rather than suppress wicked inclinations; to preach morality rather than to practise it.

But I appeal, without hesitation, to the heads as well as the hearts of the majority of mankind; I confidently ask them, if there is not a passion, which independent of reason, interest, and education, is tender, faithful, constant, and virtuous; as different from gross sensuality as the military gallantry of General Wolfe, from the mercenary selfishness of a commission-broker; or the heroic ardor of Lord Nelson, from the cautious prudence of a borough admiral, who knows no battles but those of the bottle, and is better acquainted with cookery than fighting.

LETTER II.

ON COLLECTIONS OF THE BRITISH POETS.

ADDRESSED TO THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. S. A.

SINCE the last hasty observations I addressed to you on this (to me peculiarly interesting) subject, a few other remarks have occurred, which, should they ever meet your eye, will not, I hope, prove totally useless.

The authors which I took the liberty of enumerating as unworthy of a place in the collection you are now engaged upon, were only such as had been inserted in former collections, but there will be a still greater necessity for the exertion of your taste in the selection of more modern authors. We well know that as the writers of poetry encrease in number, the majority will be composed of those who have no higher claim than that of mediocrity; and many through the caprice of fashion, the glare of title, or the *novelty* of their folly have obtained a temporary fame, whose works it is sincerely to be hoped will never disgrace a collection of the national bards.

But if from this circumstance *your* task will be difficult, how much more so will be that of the future editors, who are doomed to hesitate over the puerilities and wretched absurdities of Wordsworth whilst they admire his originality, to see the name of the elegant author of the "Triumphs of Temper" affixed to a volume of tales and ballads that would disgrace a schoolboy; and the sublime poet of Joan of Arc and Madoc, swelling the bulk of his works with compositions that he himself must certainly despise.

I should be sorry to be thought profane, as I do not imagine that impiety is necessary to the character of a wit; I therefore hope you will acquit me of being swayed by that motive when I protest against the admission of the whole of Watts's works; for I cannot believe *that his piety* ought to be allowed as an excuse for his bad poetry.

There are two objections to thus selecting an author's best compositions, which have doubtlessly considerable

force ; it prevents us from viewing him in his real character as a writer ; and it also prevents the youthful poet from observing the minute gradations by which an author arrives at eminence: from seeing none but their better efforts, he may almost despair of excelling in a science which, though some of the greatest requisites are certainly the gift of nature alone, is still a science in which perfection is only to be attained by study and practice.

But we have the example of other nations in thus making a selection from the works of our native bards; Sir William Jones informs us that a work was published at Constantinople, containing the *finest* verses of *five hundred and forty-nine* Turkish poets: I believe the French have also sometimes done the same; and the above objections I do not look upon of sufficient force, to obviate the inconvenience of admitting so much inferior matter into a collection of British poetry.

It is intended that the lives of the poets should accompany the present edition, and those of Johnson have already been published; these undoubtedly no one will object to, for his harsh strictures on Gray, Milton, &c. only excite our smile, as we are aware of their injustice; and the errors of some of his opinions ought not to destroy the pleasure which the accuracy and critical acumen of others, and the elegant and forcible diction in which they are clothed will ever afford. The other lives we are promised from your own pen. I should think that they would be rendered more interesting by the lives of the greatest authors being given on Johnson's plan, and those of the inferior writers being reduced to a mere statement of dates, unless they contained something very remarkable. I have now, Sir, to apologize for my inability to treat the subject in the manner which I certainly think it deserves; and, to add to my disadvantages, I unfortunately omitted a few lines in copying my last essay, which were necessary to connect the first sentence with those which follow it: but if my opinions are just, my inaccuracies of style may perhaps be excused.

I remain, &c. &c.

Liverpool, 11 Nov. 1807. W. M. T.

ANNA LOUISA DARBACK, OR KARSCH.

This extraordinary female was born in 1722, upon the borders of LowerSilesia, at a small hamlet, called Hammer. Her father, a brewer and alehouse-keeper, was the principal of seven poor inhabitants, but died when she was not above seven years old. Her grandmother's brother, an old man of good understanding, who lived in Poland, had taken her home to his house a few months before this happened, and taught her to read and write. To this uncle she addressed a poem, which is in her printed collection. She continued with him about three years, and then returned to her mother, who, it seems, had married again. The misfortunes which constantly attended her till she was near forty began at this period. Her first employment was the care of her brothers-in-law; but she soon quitted that, in order to attend upon three cows, which were her parents' whole stock. The first signs of her natural inclination to poetry then made their appearance, by an uncommon desire to sing. She knew an hundred church hymns by heart, and sung them at her work, or whilst watching the cattle. Her inclination soon prompted her to write verses, but she did not afterwards recollect any part of that first essay of her uncultivated genius: which was accidentally assisted by a neighbouring shepherd, who, although separated by a small river, contrived to lend her a few books; *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Asiatic Banise*, a German romance, and the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, composed their whole library. She read these works, perhaps as proper as any to keep alive the fire of the imagination, and to enlarge the view of fancy, with great pleasure. But this happiness was soon at an end, and she was obliged to return to her former attendance upon children, in which, and other laborious employments, she reached her 17th. year. At this period, her mother provided her a husband, Darback, a woolcomber, who obliged her to prepare all the wool which he used; besides which, she had the whole business of the house to manage, and could find no time to indulge her natural propensity to writing verses and reading, except a few hours on Sunday, when she wrote down the poems she had composed during the week. After having been married nine years, she was

released from this drudgery by his death; but her mother soon engaged her to another, Karsch, who was much worse than the first. This was the most unfortunate part of her whole life, as with all the hardships of an unhappy marriage, she had still to encounter extreme poverty; but even in these circumstances nature had a surprising influence over her genius. She saw some poems, written by a clergyman named Schonemann, who is well known at Berlin to have been at times affected, after a violent fever, with a sort of madness, during which he always spoke and preached in verse. Although the bulk of this extraordinary man's performances rather indicate a disordered imagination than the inspiration of the Muses, she found in them something which awakened her own genius.

She now became more desirous than ever to follow the natural bent of her disposition, and was at last encouraged by several persons to proceed, particularly by professor Meyer, of Halle, who was no otherwise acquainted with her than by having seen one of her poems, which were first committed to the press.

She removed to Great Glogau in 1755, with her husband and children, where she gained the liberty of access to the shop of a bookseller, and read much, but without any settled plan. The use Mrs. Darbach (as she always chose to be called) made of this privilege, appear throughout her poems.

The remarkable war which ended in 1764, and the king of Prussia's great exploits, gave new scope to her genius. The battle of Lowoschutz occasioned her first triumphal ode, and she soon after perused the military songs of a Prussian grenadier, some of Romler's odes and Mrs. Unzer's poems: Her subsequent productions, on occasion of her sovereign's victories, plainly shew the effect they had upon her, and are proofs of a poetical genius already come to maturity.

She continued, however, still oppressed by poverty; but Providence was pleased at last to release her from a very deplorable state, under which few would be able to support themselves.

Baron Cottwitz, a Silesian nobleman, who had long been celebrated for many amiable qualifications, became acquainted with her in the year 1760, as he was travelling through Glogau. He pitied her ditsress, and carried her to Berlin, where she became acquainted with

several men of learning who were judges of poetry; her genius then shone with the greatest lustre, and she was much caressed at the Prussian court. In an edition of her poems, from the preface of which the preceding narrative is taken, written after this happy change of fortune, are a few remarks on Madame Darbach's genius, which we shall subjoin.

"Plato, in his discourse called *Io*, lays it down as the character of a true poet, that he delivers his thoughts by inspiration, himself not knowing the expressions he makes use of. According to him, the harmony and turn of the verse produce in the poet an enthusiasm, which furnishes him with such thoughts and images as in a more composed hour he would have sought in vain.

"This observation is verified in our authoress, who, without design, without art, and without instruction, is arrived at a wonderful perfection in the art, and may be placed among poets of the first class. It is from this cause she has been more successful in such pieces as were written whilst her imagination was warm, than in those which she has composed coolly, deliberately, and in leisure hours; the latter always bearing some marks of art, and betraying the absence of the muse.

"Whenever she is in a particular manner struck by any object, either in her solitary hours, or when in company, her spirits immediately catch the flame; she has no longer the command of herself, every spring of her soul is in motion; she feels an irresistable impulse to compose, with quickness commits the thoughts to paper with which she is inspired; and, like a watch just wound up, as soon as her soul is put into motion by the impression the object has made, she expresses herself in poetry, without knowing in what manner the ideas and figures arise in her mind,

"Another and more nice observation of Plato's is, that the harmony and turn of the verse keep up the inspiration. Of this truth likewise our authoress is a living instance. No sooner has she hit upon the tone, as she calls it, and the foot of the verse, but the words go on fluently, and she is never at a loss for thought or imagery. The most delicate turns of the subject and expression arise in her mind (while she is yet writing) as if they were dictated to her."

Of her extempore performances, we have an excellent specimen in that beautiful Ode, *Sacred to the Memory of*

her deceased Uncle, the Instructor of her Infancy, written in the year 1761, at a time when she happened to be engaged in company of the first rank at Berlin: it consists of eight stanzas of six lines each, of which the third and sixth have nine syllables, the others ten. It seems, whilst she was in this select party, she was touched, by a sudden reflection, with a keen sense of the great difference between her present condition and the early part of her life, and of the great obligation she was under to the good old man, who, by his tender care and instruction, had laid the foundation of her present happiness. Overcome with the sense of this, and with a heart replete with gratitude, she could contain herself no longer, but, before all the company, poured forth the overflowings of her soul, nearly in the following words:

"Arise from the dust, ye bones that rest in the land where I passed my infant years. Venerable sage, reanimate thy body; and ye lips that fed me with the honey of instruction, once (more) be eloquent.

"O, thou bright shade! look down upon me from the top of Olympus. Behold! I am no longer following the cattle in the fields. Observe the circle of refined mortals who surround me, they all speak of thy niece's poems. O listen to their conversation, thy praise!

"For ever flourish the broad lime, under whose shade I was wont to cling round thy neck, full of tenderness, like a child to the best of fathers, whilst thou wast reposing thyself on the mossy seat, tired as the reaper with the fatigues of a sultry day.

"Under yon green-arched roof I used to repeat to thee twenty passages in praise of God supreme, though they were much above my comprehension; and when I asked thee the meaning of many a dark sentence in the christian's sacred records.—Good man! thou didst explain them to me.

"Like a divine insable vest, who, from the lofty pulpit, points out the way that leads to life, so didst thou inform me of the fall of man, and the covenant of grace; and I, all raptures, snatched the words from thy lips with eager kisses.

"Thou inhabitant of some celestial sphere! behold the silent tears of joy; may they often roll down my cheeks. If thou canst speak, dear shade, tell me, didst thou ever conceive any hopes of my present fortune and honour, at

a time when my eyes were successively engaged in reading, every day improving?

"When at thy side on some rosy bank I sat, weaving into chaplets for thy temples the flowers my little hands had gathered, and looking up to thee, smiling filial love; Did thy soul then presage the good things that are now come to pass?

"Mayest thou be clothed with three-fold radiance, and mayest thou be refreshed with the emanations of divine complacence more than the soul of thy companions! May every drop of temporal pleasure, with which my cup of joy overflows, be rewarded unto thee with continual draughts from the ocean of eternal beatitude"

"The complimentary verses on the departure of our queen for England, are pleasing and proper for the purpose. Some written on the death of Prince Henry of Brunswick (both of which appeared in English verse, in the Annual Register for 1764), contain the following beautiful thought:

"Thus, by a skilful workman's aim,
Late tow'ring to the sky.
A cedar falls, design'd to frame
An idol-deity;

Which soon the worship of mankind,
And incense, shall receive:
My hero thus in every mind
Immortaliz'd shall live."

We are sorry to see, in a later work, that Mrs. Karsch was suffered to languish afterwards in poverty and obscurity. She died about the year 1780.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN AMBITION AND IDLENESS.

Ambition. How can you exist in such a state of indolence?

Idleness. How can *you* exist who go through so much toil?

Ambition. I am born for action, I could not live without it.

Idleness. I am born for repose, *I* could not live without *that.*

Ambition. You talk of nothing but repose.

Idleness. Nor you but of inquietude.

Ambition. But what pleasure can you feel in being always idle, and undertaking nothing; forming no plans, and always remaining in the same place?

Idleness. And what can be *your* pleasure in undertaking every thing and achieving nothing; always in motion and never gaining any thing by it; forming all manner of schemes and never arriving at your object?

Ambition. You are mistaken. I have one object which I have every hope of attaining; and that is repose, after I have executed all my designs.

Idleness. If it is commendable in you to seek for repose, surely I am not to be blamed for enjoying it now. You are about to set out on your journey, but I am at the end of mine already; you acknowledge you must meet with many difficulties and dangers on the road; now I am at home, and in possession of what you only *hope* to get at some distant period—without any difficulty, any anxiety, or any danger.

Ambition. Of what use is a man who does nothing but sleep?

Idleness. Where is the use of running after mere wind and smoke?

Ambition. But you acquire nothing.

Idleness. And you enjoy nothing.

Ambition. I shall some day or other.

Idleness. And I enjoy it already.

Ambition. Very little will content *you* it seems.

Idleness. And you have not even a little to be contented with.

Ambition. But will you never part with that indifference which renders you contemptible?

Idleness. Or you with that restlessness which makes you importunate and troublesome.

Ambition. Too much sleep is injurious to health.

Idleness. Too little is much more so.

Ambition. For my part, I find it good for me to be in action, and to busy myself about public affairs.

Idleness. If you are the better for being agitated by the tempest, I am not the worse for retiring from it; the fish which sleeps at the bottom of the water is better off than one which is floundering about in the net of the fisherman.

Ambition. A little of my vigour would do you good.

Idleness. Some of my tranquillity would do you no harm.

Ambition. I am afraid what you call tranquillity is merely sluggishness.

Idleness. And your vigour, I conjecture, is downright rashness.

Ambition. Of what benefit are waters that never flow.

Idleness. Or torrents and rivers that exhaust themselves by their rapidity.

Ambition. I hate that *dead calm* which prevents the vessel from proceeding on her voyage.

Idleness. And *I* the tempest which sends it to the bottom.

Ambition. Heaven preserve me from that numbness of the nerves which threatens a paralysis.

Idleness. And me from that convulsion of the limbs which precedes a violent death. * ——

MORE OF KOTZEBUE'S PLAGIARISMS DETECTED.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

You have pointed out the source from whence two of the *novelettes* of Kotzebue lately translated, have been derived, viz. The *Little Lie*, and *Shun even the Appearance of Vice*, from the Adventurer. [See Vol. I. p. 321, and p. 72 of the present volume.] I have now to remark a *third* instance of theft. The *Enthusiast* (perhaps the best story in his volume) is merely a translation of Marmontel's *Happy Divorce.*

I hope for the credit of Kotzebue, certainly a writer of powerful genius, that in the original German publication, he *named* the authorities from which he borrowed these novels; and that the omission of such acknowledgment is to be attributed to the English translator, or to the bookseller, who may have chosen to palm the work upon us as an original production of Kotzebue, from mercenary motives.

Yours,

A READER.

ON SCANDAL.

"THE right the public has to judge of every thing, has produced many virtues, and checked many vices. Without the dread of the public decision, how many heroes * would have degenerated from that character; how many peaceful warriors should we have; how little would the virtues be amiable; how terrible would the wicked be! The exhortation of fathers; the natural affection of children, the fidelity of husbands, the virtue of wives, all these would be of little force if it were not for this short sentence, 'what will the world say?' which keeps every one in awe."

In fact, for one instance where scandal originates in malice and inveteracy, in a thousand it proceeds from a desire of flattering the company present in an indirect manner, as no man is heard with so little complacency, as he who is always trumpeting the praises of an absent person, which is often an oblique censure on the hearers. The effect of the reverse needs no comment.

To exemplify this, let us suppose an ill-bred and a well-bred man making a visit to a friend in the country after leaving the house of a man of superior opulence. The first will be continually extolling the place he has left, and speaking in raptures of the fine wines, beautiful gardens, and splendid establishment of his former host. The other will take every opportunity of hinting how much he prefers the genteel elegance of a moderate, yet frank hospitality, to scenes of expensive ostentation. It is obvious here, that the conversation of one will be considered as censure, hardly concealed beneath the common forms of civility, the other as the most refined applause. This shews itself in commoner things. Every vulgar person has a kind of demi-god, a Mr. Jones, or a Mr. Smith, whom he brings forward on all occasions as a model of perfection, which is always received with disgust by the company, and indeed frequently draws on the object of the panegyric that kind of satire which is derived from more malignant principles.

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* Alexander, in one of his most perilous enterprises, exclaimed, "O Athenians! what do I undergo for the sake of being celebrated by you!"

What the poet says of the ladies is not confined to them alone:

> " Who praises Cælia's form and feature
> " Must call her sister awkward creature."

This mode of flattery, however, must be used with great caution; for the habitual exercise of it is apt to degenerate into general defamation, especially among those who have few other means of making their conversation interesting, and recommending themselves to society; and such a habit, though not first founded on malevolence, is in its consequence extremely dangerous. But it is material that our preachers and moral writers should take this very common source of defamation more into their consideration than they usually do. How can a physician prescribe a remedy, if he has mistaken the cause of the disease? It is in vain to dissuade people from a practice, by imputing it to envy and ill-nature, when they are conscious from their own feelings that it proceeds from a motive directly opposite, a species * of good-nature, sometimes indeed extravagant and misplaced, and of pernicious tendency, but arising from a desire of conciliating the favour of others, and putting them in good-humour with themselves.

ANTIQUITY OF THE ROUND ROBIN.

THE ancients, not to give the preference to any, either among their gods or their friends, or even their servants, wrote their names in a circle, in such a manner that it was impossible to say which was first, second, or last in their estimation: all were equal, and the honour was equally divided. The Romans wrote the names of their slaves in a circle, that it might not appear to which they meant to give their liberty, and who were their favourites.

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* A polite behaviour can never be long maintained, without a real wish to please; and such a wish is a proof of good-nature. No ill-natured man can be long well-bred. No good-natured man, however unpolished in his manners, can ever be essentially ill-bred. From an absurd prejudice with regard to good-nature, some people affect to substitute good temper for it; but no qualities can be more distinct: many good-tempered people, as well as many fools, are very ill-natured; and many men of first-rate genius, with which perhaps entire good temper is incompatible, are perfectly good-natured.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

A New Spanish and English Grammar, divided into two parts : the first part containing all the Spanish words abstractedly considered, and inflected under their respective heads ; the second containing the Spanish Syntax, illustrated by a selection of elegant and entertaining extracts from some of the best Spanish Authors. By Thomas Planquais, Grammarian, Teacher of the Spanish, Italian, and French Languages. 8vo. p. 494. *London*, 1807.

To render languages in composition as intelligible to the understanding, and by pronunciation to the hearing, as by types they are expressive to the eye ; they must, for the illustration of their elementary principles, *letters*, *syllables*, *words*, and *sentences*, be reduced to grammatical rules. To explain these rules, as they apply to the Spanish language, is the object of this grammar, which is divided into two parts.

The first treats of the rules of pronunciation (taken from the Acad. Esp. Ortog. 6 ed.) with the position of the accent upon the proper syllable of each word; and afterwards distributes all the Spanish words into the nine parts of speech, each of which is explained in a separate chapter.

The second treats of the construction of sentences, explains the general syntax common to all languages, and the particular one proper to the Castilian tongne, founded upon the government of its nouns, pronouns, and verbs, the effect of its prepositions, and upon its directing these nouns and pronouns into either of the six cases, which have each been invented, and called by a proper name, the better to determine and harmonize the language.

As this explanation of the Spanish words and sentences is to impart useful knowledge, instruct the mind and agreeably divert it, the third chapter of the first part is illustrated with a copious and entertaining vocabulary of select Spanish words of almost every class; and all

the chapters of the second part with a variety of elegant extracts from some of the best Spanish authors. In order to keep up the attention of the learner through the dryness of the syntactical rules, stimulate his understanding, and incite him to compare the grammatical constructions authorised by those writers, the Castilian syntax is pointed out by Italic letters upon every separate part of speech, in the appropriate part of the sentence, that he may correctly learn how to express himself either in speech, or composition.

Glory of the Heavens. By the Rev. T. Bazely, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln. 12*mo*, *pp.* 169. *Longman.* 1807.

The present is an attempt, and a very successful one, to convey an adequate idea of the heavens to those who have made no proficiency in astronomical science, and to impress their minds with a proper notion of the magnificent works of creation; referring to the celestial phenomena, not as articles of science, but as an incentive to virtue. We shall select one chapter (the shortest) as a specimen of the author's manner:

"Of all planets primary and secondary which roll about the same centre and derive the same virtues from the same sun, the moon is most in our view, nearest our earth, and in closest connection with it. Her phenomenon is mutability. In this, and in nothing but this, she is invariable and a perfect index to all within her orbit. To her we ascribe the ebbing and flowing of our tides, the vicissitudes of our climate, and even sometimes such inequalities in our animal frame and mental derangement as cannot be otherwise explained! But how her influence is communicated, whether it extends to our bodies or our minds, or to both, or in what degree to either, is, at least not easily comprehended. But an idea of this lunar agency has so generally prevailed, that even Milton the most philosophical of all our poets talks of "moon-struck madness."

"As we construed the *signs in the sun* into that debasement or obloquy which sullies the glory of revealed truth in these *last days*; may we not in like manner consider the *signs in the moon* as having no indirect reference to the convulsions of society in times of anarchy and distraction? The incessant risings, fallings, changes, and chances of the one, emphatically represent the instabilities or vicissitudes of the other.

"The church militant in Christendom who in former ages was observed to appear *fair as the moon, clear as the sun:* hath of late years become *terrible as an army with banners.* Have we not all lived to see the christian world or the present moon-struck generation reddened with the madness of ambition? God forgive the authors, abettors, and agents of those sanguinary scenes, the ruthless actors of such tragedies, as closed the eighteenth century; which made co-temporaries shudder and must stagger the belief of posterity!

but woe be to them, if no measure be meted out to them but what they have dealt to others. The *madness of the people* raging every where and perturbing the nations, gave a dreadful picture of our nature and species! Ah! how romantic and fictitious all the visions and dreams heretofore indulged by refinement and philosophy, of our philanthropy, and social aptitudes! Do not those prodigious masses of men, mustered by the demon of discord, and armed with implements of mutual destruction, who lately agitated and once more agitate sea and land, by their deadly encounters, most effectually expose such chimeras! and paint us in our natural colour as tigers and monsters ambitious only of tearing each other to pieces.

"A lunacy peculiarly inveterate and dismal, indulging one black invariable propensity to bloodshed, is actually become the disease of the human race, and developes more numerous and tremendous horrors in its course, than all thefamines, plagues, and yellow fevers, that ever desolated our unhappy globe! It would seem, the minds and hearts of men, have lost all those principles of brotherly sensibility and cordial attachment, which hitherto glued and fastened them together as one body animated and directed by one soul; and that society itself is reduced at last to the shattered condition of some dilapidated edifice, the parts of which are so wasted and rotten, as no longer to retain the powers of adhesion! The fabric, however skilfully designed, or magnificently constructed, composed of materials thus unsound and decayed, must inevitably sink to ruin, and gradually moulder away! And does not the whole complicated frame of artificial life, probably from the same causes of age and debility decline, and, for aught we know, even now verge on the last stage of dissolution? From an obvious relaxation in all the tightenings of cordiality and social union, the fatal progress of our decomposition seems actually begun. It alarms! it is rapid, it rushes with the velocity of a torrent!

"O thou preserver of men vouchsafe on that important crisis to be our keeper, that the souls thou hast inspired may not fail before thee, but survive the extinction of our system and be safe in the hollow of thy hand, when sun and moon and stars are sunk in everlasting night. On this grand impressive theme Addison lavishes the brightest effulgence of his genius and all the fervour of his heart.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth
Unhurt amidst the war of elements
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds!

"What a sweet comment are these exquisite verses on the lofty thought of our immortal dramatist. Our finest poets are never so lovely and charming perhaps as in illustrating the beauties of each other, and more especially on the serious and affecting subject of our highest interests."

Look how the floor of heaven
Too thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls.

SHAKSPEARE.

The introductory chapter contains an ingenious and eloquent, but rather too elaborate *History of Man.*

Remarks on the Injustice and Impolicy of our late Attack upon Denmark, 8vo. p. p. 70. *Mathews and Leigh Strand*, 1807.

If the policy of the late expedition to Copenhagen be not clearly made out, and the necessity of it shewn to be extremely urgent, as a measure intimately connected with the national safety; then will the attack on Denmark deserve to be stigmatized as *unjust.* The King's Declaration will be followed by a strict parliamentary investigation, and the most ample discussion; and, for ourselves, we have little doubt but the justice as well as policy of the proceeding will be satisfactorily demonstrated. In the mean time, however, the author of this well-written pamphlet advances many arguments to prove that Ministers have been guilty of an indefensible violation of the law of nations, and a shameful departure from the admitted rules by which the necessity of war is guided.

Paley allows as a justifying cause of war "the necessity of maintaining such a balance of power amongst neighbouring nations, as that no single state, or confederacy of states, be strong enough to overwhelm the rest." It is upon this plea (observes the ingenious writer of these Remarks) that our conduct must be defended; or rather upon one that is a corollary to it, viz. that if the balance of power is so weakened, as that a state which has hitherto helped to maintain it, is so far reduced by a relative change of situation, as to be in danger of being compelled, to the manifest disadvantage of the general security, and of its individual interests, to throw the weight of its influence into the scale of a power more mighty than the rest, any nation, whose safety is more endangered by the probability of such a change, than any other, is justified in the pursuance of such measures, even to the prejudice of that state, as are absolutely necessary to provide and maintain its own security. If this plea, which undoubtedly allows the utmost possible extent to the argument of necessity, can be admitted upon all occasions as a justification of war, it must be understood with many limitations; otherwise it resolves itself at once into that most absurd and profligate of all doctrines, that utility is a sufficient cause for the

most unjust actions. If a war be undertaken upon this ground, the necessity of it—more especially in this case than in any other—must be made manifest to the whole world. The people against whom the effects are directed, must be shewn, not by general assertions, but by the most certain and indisputable proofs; they must be convinced, if possible, that an attack on them is absolutely necessary, not merely for the interest, but for the very salvation of the state which is driven to attack them. The nation undertaking the war must be convinced, to rescue it from the charge of unprincipled inhumanity, not only that the end is just and attainable, but that the means are adequate to the end; and that whilst it violates the sanctity of a treaty nominally to preserve itself from the influence of overwhelming power, it does not under that pretext aim merely at consulting its individual advantage; that whilst it dooms an unoffending people to the horrors and calamities of war, its ministers will not be inhuman enough to plead for their excuse a vague and visionary report; or base enough to stain their country's honour with eternal disgrace in the pursuit of a trivial or uncertain good. It is indeed the height of folly and impolicy, as well as of savage injustice, to attack a nation at amity with us, under the pretence of checking the growing power of a neighbouring state; when we are certain that the means which we employ will be so far from gaining the desired object, that it will take from that nation its best means of defence, and will, therefore, by throwing it into the hands of its more dangerous enemy, increase, instead of diminishing the weight of power against us. It does not seem to require much sagacity to determine whether or not the expedition against Denmark has been undertaken and conducted upon an adherence to these principles.

The author examines his Majesty's declaration, and contends that the assertions herein are not borne out by any evidence, and that the posture of affairs on the Continent was not such as to authorize the statements made by the King's ministers. He is of opinion, from a review of the whole argument, that the evils resulting from the attack upon Copenhagen are incalculable by any human foresight. "Whilst the advantages which we reap from it are momentary and of small importance, the ill effects of it for ages to come, will be visited on our posterity; will

continue, indeed, as long as the execration produced by an unprovoked attack upon the independence and security of an unoffending nation shall endure in their remembrance. By the animosity we have excited in the Danish nation, we have put it in the power of the French to accomplish to a far greater extent, than they could have before done by compulsion, their schemes for the destruction of British commerce. The Danes will not now want an excuse for closing the passage of the Sound, and shutting up "our accustomed channels of communication with the Continent." These purposes for the prevention which ministers would have persuaded us that the expedition was in a great measure undertaken, were it was evident to common sense, the natural result of such a measure; instead of obviating, we have increased to an absolute certainty, the probability of those eoents taking place. The court of Denmark will now be completely subject to French influence, whilst the hatred which our conduct has excited, will manifest itself to a degree that may even be prejudicial to its own interests. The anger however, which is blind, is also destructive in its effects; and we may rest assured, that whatever can be accomplished, by means of French assistance, to the injury of our commerce, will not be prevented by any considerations which prudence or sober policy might suggest. Or supposing that the Danes would not be willing to carry to the utmost extent the means which they possess for the anihilation of our trade in the Baltic, yet the inflexible obstinacy of the power, into whose hands they are thrown, is equal to his subtlety, and what instigation cannot accomplish, may now be easily effected by compulsion."

The Pamphlet discovers considerable ingenuity, the objections are well put, the arguments supported by the most respectable authorities, and the style is extremely forcible.

Another Word or Two; or Architectural Hints Continued, in Lines to those Royal Academicians who are Painters, addressed to them on the Re-election of Benjamin West, Esq. to the President's Chair, 10*th December,* 1806. *By Fabricia Nunnez, Spinster; with Dedication, Preface, Notes, and Appendix,* 8*vo. Payne, Pall Mall.* 1807.

Fabricia's former work we have not seen, but we observe enough in the present to convince us that (whether

she be an *unsexed* female or no) her Muse is very good-humoured, that her versification is easy and flowing, her object commendable, and her knowledge of the subject which employs her pen, very complete. Fabricia is the *secret*, and we readily concur in the propriety of all the gentle censures she passes, and the measures she recommends. Mr. Wyatt was certainly a very unfit man to be placed at the head of the Royal Academy, even admitting with our author, which we believe to have been the case, that the choice of him arose from jealousy among the *portrait painters*, who did not elect Mr. Wyatt as the fittest person to fill the chair, but as a consenting party to *fill up the gap* till they could settle among themselves to whom the presidentship should be next assigned, or to whom it ought to be *regularly* conceded.

As a specimen of our *Spinster*'s poetry and pleasant satire, we subjoin the following extract. It is a paraphrase of Horace's "*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam*," &c. with application to the election of an architect, to preside over that superior class of artists---the painters.

Horace relates to Pisoes' writing,
With witty aim, and truth reciting,
Should some strange fancied Painter place
Beneath the noble human face,
Of art a strange farago dish,
The silv'ry scales and tail of fish,
The world would laugh at the Burlesque,
When seen a figure so grotesque!
And then, to take still further range,
Extend the thought, 't were equal strange
O'er women's lovely form to spread
The feathery wings with fish's head;
Each to it's suited place applied,
Or else the Artist we deride,
And view his works with strange surprise,
Nor deem his judgment great and wise:
So, in a building we should wonder
To find the door above, and windows under.

It is evident to whom Fabricia refers when she hints at the successor of Mr. West, to whose genius a handsome and well merited tribute is paid. We here also agree with the poet, and think that the choice, should it fall upon him, would be judiciously, made, and that the duties of the important office of president would be most ably discharged by the party alluded to. It is impossi-

ble not to subscribe to the justice of the following observation, and without entering into the comparative merits of the leading painters of the present day, or giving to any one of them the palm of priority in his art for extraordinarily transcendant abilities, to rank him "proudly pre-eminent above his fellows;" it is evident that there are other and considerable talents required, to adorn the chair with splendour and draw public attention to it with respect and admiration. To the fascinating powers of his pencil, Sir Joshua Reynolds added the rich qualities of an enlightened mind, amiable manners, gentlemanly deportment, and highly cultivated understanding, superadded to a disposition and temper which inclined him to speak at all times favourably of his contemporaries, and to think well of their art. Distinguished qualities both of the head and heart, as well as the hand, are necessary to fill with propriety the elevated situation: and when that time shall have arrived, when, from the course of nature, the chair will become open for a new choice, which prescriptive right, from his age, and consequence in his profession, has for a long time assigned to Mr. West, with only a single interruption, all semblance as well as reality of party should be laid aside, all selfishness, all jealousy, all envy; and that member should be chosen, unanimously, whoever he may be, whose worth and value, and aggregate mass of ability of every description, will do most honour to the academicians and the academy, without considering whether he be the ablest man precisely in his art. To preside over a national academy requires first rate qualifications; not partial and confined, but general and commanding.

We hope to have yet *another word* from this ingenious [*lady?* should we say] "another, and another still?"

Charles Ellis; or the Friends. By Robert Semple, Author of "Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope, 2 vols. 12mo. 9s. Baldwin.

A work both entertaining and instructive. It combines the fancy and enthusiasm of a novel, with the more sober delineation of characters and manners, as daily observation and experience present them to us. The perusal of these volumes has afforded us very high gratification.

The Ratiad. A Serio-Comic Poem, in Eight Cantos. By an Anti-Hudibrastian, 3*s.* 8*vo. Mason.*

"How now! a *Rat!* dead for a ducat!"

It would be only making the author more offensive to drag him from *behind the arras;* and so let him remain in his concealment. He would be *witty*, poor fellow! but *three shillings!* he mast have more *money* than wit, who would part with it on this occasion.

Twelve perspective views of the exterior and interior parts of the Metropolitical Church of Canterbury, accompanied by two ichnographic plates, and an Historical account. By Charles Wild, 3*l.* 3*s. coloured* 5*l.* 5*s. folio. Taylor*, 1807.

The views of this venerable building, in every respect so interesting an object, are exceedingly well executed, by a pupil of that eminent master in this branch of art, Mr. Malton. The history of this noble Cathedral, compiled from the best authorities, is well drawn up, and we think we shall gratify our readers by transcribing it.

'To Lucius, the first king of the Britons, who is said to have been converted to the Christian faith, and whose doubtful reign is placed, most probably, towards the end of the second century, the monkish writers claiming the remotest antiquity, ascribe the original foundation. Under the first Saxon invaders, it might have been appropriated to polytheism; for, upon the conversion of Ethelbert in 597, it is reported to have been restored to the primitive worship, and dedicated to Christ by St. Augustine, who made it his metropolitical church. Both the saint and founder received their sepulture at St Augustine's, Canterbury, one in 605, the other in 616.

'Frequent conflagrations, the usual consequence of the devastations of the piratical Danes, with the consequent destruction of authentic documents, by which the early history of architecture in England might have been elucidated, have involved this splendid pile in the obscurity of the darker ages, and consigned many of its remaining antiquities to conjecture, from the deficiency of evidence.

'No records, upon which any dependence can be made, are now known, from the age of St. Augustine, in the sixth, to the tenth century, when Odo, upon his

translation from Wilton, in 934, to the primacy of Canterbury, finding the church in a dilapidated state, employed three years in various repairs, but chiefly in covering the roofs with lead, which is a very early instance of such an application of that metal.

It was again burned by the Danes in 1011, who had landed upon a predatory excursion at Sandwich. They seized Alphage, the archbishop, who being stoned to death at Greenwich, was canonized as a martyr.

These damages were chiefly confined to the destruction of the timber frame and roofs, and the repairs were completed by Ethelstan (or more commonly called Livingus) before the year 1020, and from that period to 1038 by Egelnoth. King Canute, more civilized or superstitious than his predecessors, contributed to the work, and confirmed to the monks certain lands and immunities. In 1067 it was once more destined to suffer almost entire conflagration.

Like a phœnix it rose from its ashes about three years after, under the auspicious munificence of Lanfrank, a very conspicuous luminary of the church, when it was transferred to the care of Norman bishops.

The records of almost every cathedral or great conventual church in England, mention frequent demolition by fire, in the early centuries. The marauding Danes invariably directed their vengeance agsinst structures dedicated to the Christian religion; but a more common cause of such destruction by fire was their being surrounded, in most cities where they were placed, by buildings constructed entirely of wood.

It is asserted, that the church, monastery, and palace, were all rebuilt by Lanfrank, a fact disallowed by certain antiquaries, because the time stated to have been employed must have been lately inadequate to so extensive a work. From that and other collateral circumstances, they infer, that having built the nave, he probably did little more than repair the choir and its crypt, or under croft, because in either of these may be found, in the exterior surbase of the south wall, and other parts, many architectural peculiarities of an antecedent æra.

Anselm, Abbot of Bec in Normandy, where architecture was most successfully studied, succeeded in 1093, and projected great improvements in the choir, which as he did not live to finish, it is a conjecture that his original plan was pursued, and the superintendance of it com-

mitted to the Priors Ernulphus and Conrade in succession; and having been brought to a conclusion by the efforts of the last mentioned after Anselm's death, it became known by the superlative epithet of "Convade's glorious choir." From the account Gervase has transmitted to us, it appears to have been in its component parts similar to the present choir, and was at that period, probably extended to the length seen, as it said to have been enlarged: which it could not have been in width, unless the lateral walls had been likewise taken down, of which there is no existing proof. A chapel, much smaller than the present, was then rebuilt or added to the choir, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity.

'Gervase specifies in his account, the architecture of the former church, before he enters on the description of the re-edification by Anselm and Conrade. He is equally minute and satisfactory, and his MS. now preserved in the British Museum, may be ranked among its most valuable curiosities.

'The effects of another fire, which is said to have happened in 1130, were certainly of no great detriment, for in the same year, we learn that this church was formally dedicated by Archbishop Corboil, the apostolic legate of Pope Innocent II. in the presence of King Henry I. and his Queen; David II. King of Scots, and many prelates and nobility, to the Holy Trinity, which appellation it appears to have received from Lanfrank, and which was thus solemnly confirmed.

'But in 1174, the choir, so lately and splendidly perfected by Prior Conrade, received such demolition by fire, as to require that the whole interior should be taken down. Of this calamitous circumstance Gervase was the eye-witness and chronicler.

'The present choir was begun under the direction of William, an experienced architect of Sens in Normandy, or Sienna in Italy, who being disabled by a fall from the height of the vaulting, returned into France. It remained therefore to be finished by another William, who was a native of this country, and the first English architect upon record, concerning whom we have any positive account. His talents in architectural invention and practice are, in this instance, conspicuous and admirable. To the choir he added the eastern transept and the Trinity Chapel.

'The charge of the undertaking was defrayed by the

liberal oblations made at the shrine of Thomas à Becket, for whom two years before, 1172, the monks had procured canonization from Pope Alexander III. which, very opportunely for the building, became productive of an incredible influx of wealth. On Easter-day 1181, the choir was sufficiently finished for the performance of divine service. In July following, the former chapel of the Trinity was taken down, and the present begun, which, with the circular tower at the east end generally called Becket's Crown, was completed in about four years, when the former tutelage of the Holy Trinity was superseded by that of St. Thomas the Martyr, though apparently without any formal dedication.

'The real character of the prelate, as a politician, may perhaps be best ascertained, by a parallel drawn between the pages of the elegant Lyttleton, and the sagacious Hume. As a saint, we must trust to his legend; and the monks, by promising to his votaries a recovery from sickness, or a continuance of health, made his shrine eminently popular, and established annual pilgrimages, which, with jubilees celebrated every fifty years, produced to them a princely revenue.

'Warton observes that "the general plan of the Canterbury Tales, which at first sight, seems merely to have been an ingenious invention of the poet, to serve a particular occasion, is in a great measure founded on a fashion of ancient life; and Chaucer, in supposing each of the pilgrims to tell a tale, as they are travelling to Becket's shrine, only makes them adopt a mode of amusement which was common to the conversations of his age.

'In 1304 and 1305, Prior Henry de Estrey is said to have meditated many improvements, and actually to have expended upon different parts of the church 839l. 7s. a very considerable sum in those days. He probably erected the skreen which divides the choir from the ailes.

'The western parts of the cathedral escaped the various conflagrations, which had injured the choir, and remained, with little alteration, from the time of Lanfrank, to the year 1376, when Archbishop Sudbury took down some of them, and erected the lower transept at his own cost; but in 1379, actuated by the same liberal intentions, he caused the whole nave to be removed. The

subsequent erection of that grand pile fell to the charge of the convent, as this munificent prelate was shortly after murdered in the Tower, by the rebellious adherents of Straw and Tylor.

'Archbishops Courtenay and Fitzalan or Arundel, his successors in the see, established a fund, the disposal of which was given to Prior Thomas Chillenden, by whom the nave, cloisters, and chapterhouse, are generally supposed to have been designed and perfected. The south tower of the western front was constructed after Chillenden's decease in 1419: this addition, with the south porch, having been begun by Archbishop Chicheley, who succeeded in 1413, was finished by Prior Thomas Goldstone (the first of the name) between 1449 and 1468. It obtained the name of the Oxford Steeple. There is sufficient reason to determine, that the other tower was a part of Lanfrank's original structure, and that its being attributed to Archbishop Arundel is an error. During his prelacy, he added a spire covered with lead, one hundred feet high, and a peal of five bells of extraordinary weight and tone. After the storm in 1703, the spire becoming ruinous, was taken down.

'The last important addition to this fabric was the great centre tower, erected between the years 1472 and 1517 under the successive Priors W. Sellinge and T. Goldstone (the second of that name), and for the most part during the prelacy of Archbishop Morton, who is mentioned as an especial benefactor. Thus, this venerable monument of the skill and piety of our ancestors, descends to the present period with double claim to our admiration, as linked to a very remote antiquity, and as exhibiting many architectural peculiarities and beauties of intervening ages.'

Thoughts on the expediency of disclosing the Processes of Manufactories, being the substance of two papers, lately read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle upon Tyne. By John Clennel, F. S. A. Edinburgh and Perth. 12*mo. Angus and Son, Newcastle,* 1807.

A very iugenious essay on the expediency of a general and faithful display of the processes of manufactories, in such a manner, that every chance may be obtained for effecting their highest improvement with the least possible expence, by the interference of the operations of science.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"*La mia crudel tiranna.*"

A favourite Italian Air, with twelve Variations for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad libitum) composed and dedicated to Alex. Scote, Esq. by T. Latour, Pianiste to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Birchall, price 3s.

This is by far the best production of Mr. Latour's that has come under our notice; to say the truth, and we had no other means of judging than from his former compositions, we did not give him credit for being able to write any thing so good. The present piece partakes not at all of that poor meagre stile, which in some of his former publications we were obliged to condemn. The air which he has selected is pleasing, and capable of many excellent variations. Mr. Latour has availed himself of it most successfully, and has displayed a very considerable portion of good taste and brilliant fancy throughout the piece. Let him go on to write thus, and we cannot do otherwise than praise him.

Nos. VII. *and* VIII.

The Vocal Magazine, consisting of Canzonets, Songs, Duets, Trios, Glees, &c. composed by Jos. Kemp. Walker. Price 3s. 6d.

The first Song of this Number is arranged with accompaniments for a Band, which contribute essentially to the effect of an Air, in itself by no means destitute of interest. The Glee, for three voices which follows, is a masterly composition, its brevity is, in our opinion, its chief fault, it contains some points which might have been kept up with very good effect to a much greater length. In the last movement there is great vigour and animation; yet, good as it certainly is in point of composition, we could not sing it without dislike, and even disgust, occasioned by the absurdity of the words which Mr. Kemp has chosen for his music.

"See meteors gleam around the maid, moonbeams lift her soul!"

This line is repeated again and again in the last movement, as frequently and as emphatically as if it contained some beautiful idea or expressive sentiment; this, indeed, to some people it may, but to us it seems "full of sound and fury," but "signifying nothing." We really shall be very happy when the Ossianic mania, which of late has seized our glee writers, shall have subsided, and when poetry,

which possesses some meaning, shall be preferred to such arrant nonsense as that which Mr. Kemp has chosen for his music. The canzonet, "Thou hast an eye of tender blue," which follows, is a very elegant little composition. The 8th Number opens with a Quartett, of which the melody is graceful and flowing, and the inner parts neatly arranged; a little more variety in the modulation would have given that relief to the ear which it will now rather want. The song, "Now the French are prepar'd," is in a bold and spirited stile, and is well supported by a noisy accompaniment. The Ballad, "Willow," is a pleasing and expressive melody.

"*Fair Amoret*," or, "*Adown in the Woodlands.*"

The much admired Pastoral Ballad, written by Mr Upton, composed by J. Sanderson, and sung by Mr. Gibbon, at Vauxhall Gardens. Hodsall, price 1*s.*

Mr. Sanderson is a composer of considerable promise, and though we have seen some productions of his pen which we much prefer to that now before us, yet we think it by no means destitute of merit: if it be without the charm of novelty, it is nevertheless neatly and cleverly arranged.

"*We will be married, my dear, for a' that,*"

The much admired Scotch Ballad, written by Mr. Upton, composed by J. Sanderson, and sung by Mrs. Bland, at Vauxhall Gardens. Hodsall, price 1*s.*

Imitations of Scotch Ballads we never did, and we believe never shall like; to us they appear uninteresting and insipid: the frequenters of Vauxhall, perhaps, think differently, if so, Mr. Sanderson may find it necessary to gratify their taste. To such as like this stile, the present ballad will be acceptable.

"*Beneath the Weeping Willow,*"

A Scotch Song, sung by Mrs. Bland, at Vauxhall Gardens, composed by Mr. Hook, Purday and Button. Price 1*s.*

This is an imitation of another kind of Scotch Ballads. It is as good, and not at all better, that we can discover, than a hundred others of the same sort.

"*Love and Folly,*"

Composed with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, and inscribed to his friend Mr. Bunting, by Joseph Major. Mitchell, price 1*s.* 6*d.*

This is a very simple, yet certainly a pleasing melody, and in point of composition we have no fault to find with it. The words are sometimes deficient both with respect to grammar and metre; we hope Mr. Major will chuse better in future.

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.——*Shakespeare.*

MRS. MACKLIN,

THE WIDOW OF THE CELEBRATED CHARLES MACKLIN, DIED ON THE 21ST OF NOVEMBER.

THIS lady was Macklin's second, or rather his third wife. During the time that Macklin was manager of the Theatre at Chester he frequently met a young lady in company, that particularly attracted his attention. With her father, who was a very respectable private gentleman, Mr. Macklin was in the habits of the closest intimacy. A treaty was immediately set on foot, and the young lady having given her consent, the marriage articles were soon after settled by her father. Macklin was married on the 10th of September 1759, to this young lady, MISS ELIZABETH JONES, who to great elegance of form, and many polite accomplishments, joined the more amiable virtues of the mind. The marriage ceremony being over, Macklin set off with his new wife to fulfil his engagement with Barry and Woodward in Ireland.

How highly Macklin estimated the virtues of this lady will appear from the following letter written to his banker, on going over to Ireland in 1785:

DEAR SIR, *April* 14, 1785.

Whatever property I have in this life, I have, by will, bequeathed to my wife Elizabeth Macklin, and were it as great as any subject in this realm enjoys, her affection, order, sobriety, and good morals, as a wife, a mother, and a friend and neighbour, she would deserve it. Therefore I hope, that you will, on my decease, pay her whatever balance you may have in my favour. I wish you well in health, and prosperity in your dealings; and am

DEAR SIR,

Your obedient humble servant,

CHARLES MACKLIN.

To T. Coutts, Esq. Banker, Strand, London.

Mrs. Macklin amply merited the affections of her husband, whose life she is supposed to have prolonged by

her incessant attentions to him. She enjoyed an annuity of 75*l.* a year, from the time of her husband's death, which was purchased out of the money arising from the subscription to *The Man of the World*, and *Love à la Mode*, published under the superintendance of the late Mr. Murphy.

She appears to have been through life a most amiable and worthy woman.

THE JEST OF GEORGE PEELE, AT BRISTOW,

From his Merrie Conceited Jests, a very scarce book, published in 1627.

George was at Bristow, and there staying somewhat longer then his coyne would last him, his palfrey that should bee his carrier to London his head was growne so big that he could not get him out of the stable: it so fortuned at that instant certaine players came to the towne, at that inne where George Peele was; to whom George was well knowne, being in that time an excellent poet, and had acquaintance of most of the best players in England; from the triviall sort hee was but so so; of which these were, onely knew George by name, no otherwise. There was not past thre of the companie come with the carriage, the rest were behinde, by reason of a long journey they had, so that night they could not enact; which George hearing, had presentlye a stratageme in his head to get his horse free out of the stable, and money in his purse to beare his charges up to London: and thus it was: hee goes directly to the Maior, tels him hee was a scholler and a gentleman, and that he had a certaine historie of the Knight of the Rhodes; and withall, how Bristow was first founded, and by whom, and a briefe of all those that before him had succeeded in office in that worshipfull citie, desiring the Maior, that he, with his presence, and the rest of his brethren, would grace his labours. The Maior agreed to it, gave him leave, and withall apointed him a place; but for himselfe, he could not be there, being in the evening; but made him make the best benefit he could of the citie; and very liberally gave him an angell, which George thankfully receives, and about his businesse he goes, got his stage made, his hystory cryed, and hyred the players apparell, to flou-

rish out his show, promising to pay them liberally, and withall desired them he would favor him so much as to gather him his money at his doore; (for he thought his best course to imploy them, lest they should it spie out his knaverie; for they have perillous heads;) they willingly yeeld to doe him any kindnes that lyes in them; in briefe, carry their apparell to the hall, place themselves at the doore, where George, in the mean time, with the tenne shillings he had of the Maior, delivered his horse out of purgatorie, and carryed him to the towndes end, and there placed him, to be redy at his comming. By this time, the audience were come, and some forty shillings gathered, which money George put in his purse, and putting on one of the players silk robes after the trumpet had sounded thrice, out he comes, makes low obeysaunce, forward with his prologue, which was thus:

A trifling toy, a jest of no account pardie.
The Knight, perhaps, you thinke for to bee I:
Thinke on so still: for why you know that thought is free,
Sit still a while I'll send ths actors to ye.

Which being said, after some fire workes, that he had made of purpose, threw out among them, and downe stayres goes he, gets to his horse, and so with forty shillings to London: leaves the players to aunswerre it: who, when the jeste was knowne, their innocence excused them, being as well gulled as the Maior and the audience.

THEATRICAL PROPERTY.

THE Proprietors of the Winter Theatres have come to a resolution to put an immediate stop to the encroachments daily made on their property, under the supposed authority of the Lord Chamberlain; their Counsel are decidedly of opinion, that his Majesty having graciously made his election by patent appointment, as to what Theatres should exist in Westminster, the Lord Chamberlain cannot infringe on those patents, or legally licence any other place for theatrical representation, without the consent of the patented Theatres; and certain it is, that from the day the first Royal Patent was granted to Old Drury, through the whole of Mr. Garrick's time, and

ever since, until the Chamberlainship of Lord Salisbury, the uniform practice at the Chamberlain's Office was to refuse even to listen to an application for a single night, though for a charity benefit, unless the party applying brought with them the previous consent in writing of the proprietors of the established Theatres. But beside the question of legal right, the proprietors also refer to their title in equity, that the Lord Chamberlain, even if the right were with him, is bound by positive covenant not to grant any new licence for any dramatic exhibition.

There having been executed a regular deed, styled "*The final Arrangement*," the result of a long discussion and arbitration, recognizing and guaranteeing the exclusive rights of the three established Theatres, which deed received the express sanction of his Majesty, and was signed under his Royal pleasure by his Chamberlain, the Marquis of Salisbury. It was also honoured by the concurrence of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who signed it himself, as did also his Grace the late Duke of Bedford. On the faith of this settlement, so guaranteed, the proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre received fifteen thousand pounds from the Proprietors of Drury-Lane Theatre, for their dormant patent; the King's Theatre contributed thirty thousand pounds on recovering its licence, to the losses of the Pantheon Opera undertaking; and, finally, this deed formed the whole foundation for the rebuilding of Drury-Lane Theatre, in which undertaking a property of not less than three hundred thousand pounds have been embarked, and all in the confidence and on the faith of this arrangement, secured under such high authority.

To suppose, therefore, that the present Lord Chamberlain has or will, knowingly and intentionally, countenance and authorise any exhibition of a dramatic kind, would be as great a disrespect to him, as it would be an injury to the property placed by the law and his Majesty's will under his express protection.

Should the difficulties of the present Opera-House not be overcome, instead of looking to a new scheme or project, contrary to all faith and justice, we understand that resort will be had to the dormant patent, with the consent and for the benefit of both the winter Theatres, which patent is at present only withheld from being operative through respect to the established Opera House, and the terms of the agreement before referred to.

The first step, we have reason to believe, which will be taken for the assertion of the claims of the established Theatres, will be by an humble petition to his Majesty, who has ever been a most gracious and firm protector of their just rights. Such a petition, signed by all the numerous and respectable individuals whose property is involved in the established Theatres, on the pledge of a settlement which never could be expected to be questioned, will no doubt meet as it merits the Royal attention.

THEATRICAL PATENTS AND LICENCES.

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.——HORACE.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

AN article, apparently official, has appeared in the several papers, stating it to be the intention of the proprietors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, to petition His Majesty to restrain the hitherto considered just rights of the Chamberlain in licencing public places of theatrical amusement, and also intimating that, in case of no favourable notice being taken of this application, they shall try their rights in a court of law.

In the same article it is asserted, that in case the disputes of the Opera House occasion the destruction of that concern, the said proprietors intend to bring forward a dormant patent, which, by the final arrangement, has for a series of years, laid snugly in the hands of the proprietors of the winter theatres.

Permit me, Sir, to make a few observations on these hostile movement on the part of the rather unreasonable patentees. First, if any person will only look at the act which concerns the licences for theatrical amusements, he will be at once convinced that an undoubted right is lodged in the Lord Chamberlain to licence as many theatrical places of amusement as he shall deem sufficient for the use of the society at large. This act expressly says no person shall set up a theatre, or act, or cause plays to be performed, unless by virtue of His Majesty's patent, or a licence granted by the Lord Chamberlain. Now, if this is not a clear explicit recognizement of the

right of a Lord Chamberlain, to licence a theatre, I know not what would be deemed so ; neither did it ever enter before into the heads of the patentees to dispute this authority.

Rich, indeed, the patentee of Covent Garden, once doubted the right of even the king himself to grant a fresh patent; but the royal licence was notwithstanding granted. And several subsequent acts of parliament acknowledge the power of the Lord Chamberlain to grant licences, and what is more, to suppress the performances of the patent theatres whenever he shall think proper. The proprietors should therefore be careful how they commence an attack.

The public has a right to demand, why, if a third patent did exist, evidently given to advantage them, and not as a monopoly to satisfy the cupidity of any individual, why that patent was to be buried, merely because it suited the interest of both theatres that the public should be deprived of it. They will also naturally ask, if only two patents exist, which is the case, and one is locked up, how it comes that Drury Lane and Covent Garden both perform plays. I will tell you, Sir, how this is done—Drury Lane opens under the authority of a license from that very power, whose rights she would now question; not satisfied with magnifying the theatre in Drury Lane to an extent destructive of the very amusement for which it procured originally its patent, the proprietor now insinuates that he shall draw his dormant patent out of the snug retreat where he has secured it, and erecting another Colesceum, shall convert to his own use all the superfluous cash, which is destined to be spent by theatrical amateurs in the pursuit of a favourite and very popular amusement.

What then have been the acts of the present Lord Chamberlain, which have drawn upon his long acknowledged authority, this violent, sudden, and indecent attack? Has he ever lisensed a new playhouse?—never—though the town is four times as large now as it was 50 years ago, and consequently the distances from the theatres immensely extended; though the hours of social life are all entirely changed, while those for theatrical representation remain the same; though the theatres, particularly Drury Lane, have been so enlarged, (for very obvious reasons) as to render spectacles, where scenery and screaming are alone necessary, to supply the want of those delicacies of voice and action, which

would be lost in such immensity of space; while the real drama sinks daily, more and more into disrepute; though the internal regulations of the houses are so faulty, as to render passages to boxes an absolute service of danger, yet has the Lord Chamberlain carefully avoided injuring the patentees, by exercising his indubitable right of licensing any other theatre, on a less, though on a more appropriate scale; nay, to such a degree has he extended his forbearance, that he would not even license a summer theatre, for the use of the principal performers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, although it is well known that Colman's Theatre is quite inadequate to the service of the community.

What then has the present Lord Chamberlain done? —he has licensed a few musical entertainments—Mr. Astley's, chiefly for horses and tumblers; Mr. Scott's Little Theatre of the Sans Pareil; and the Rooms in Argyll Street. The latter open on a plan totally different from what playhouses adopt, and for a different order of society, and in which there is a stage by his lordship's license for plays only if confined to children, and recitative burlettas.

Much stress is laid on the late Lord Chamberlain, Lord Salisbury, having bound himself by positive covenant not to grant any new license for dramatic exhibitions. Does he then conceive that the act of one Lord Chamberlain can abrogate, like docking an entail, the inheritance of another? Or does he imagine that the Lords Chamberlains, from one generation to another, are bound to assist the eager grasp of monopoly, by refusing to gratify the public in this widely extending city, with other more conveniently situated, and more properly conducted, scenes of public entertainment.

These, Sir, are hasty observations drawn from my pen on perusing this article; and if any more steps are taken to check the operation of the Chamberlain's Licensed Theatres, I shall not fear again appealing to the sense of the public, in aid of efforts to resist such obvious monopoly on the part of two very lucrative concerns, and which would shackle the taste and the spare hours of all the individuals of this great, populous, and increasing metropolis.

I have only to add to these remarks, that the following theatres, which have long enjoyed an undisturbed freedom of performance, all open under the license of

the Lord Chamberlain:—The Theatre Royal of Drury Lane; the Theatre Royal, or Little Theatre of the Haymarket; and the King's Theatre, or Opera House.

I am, Sir,

A CONSTANT READER.

THEATRICAL DEFINITIONS.

1. A brilliant and overflowing Audience—*A Pit about three parts empty, and a "beggarly account of empty Boxes."*

2. Unbounded applause—*Hissing from the beginning to the end of the Piece.*

3. New Music, Scenes, and Dresses.—*Old Ditties, by a new Composer; old Canvas fresh daubed; and old Lace cleaned for the twentieth time.*

4. A Revived Play—*One that has been acted every Season.*

5. Due Notice—*The notice due, that is, none at all.*

6. The last time this Season—*The last time this Week.*

7. Positively the last time—*Positively no such thing.*

E CONTRA.

THE FIRST FOLIO OF SHAKSPEARE.

MR. CONDUCTOR.

Of the celebrated FIRST FOLIO, I have a very fine and complete copy: nay, it is *more* than complete; for in collating it I find as follows: which to the Book Collectors, and particularly those of the *Shakspeare* school, may perhaps be worth communicating.—

After page 192 of *As you like it*, I have a sheet paged thus: 203. 194. It should seem that this inaccuracy in the paging had not been noticed till after the sheet was worked off. The same sheet follows, with the pages corrected; 193 being substituted for 203.

A little further on (the same play) there is *another second* sheet,—after page 203, comes page 194, and then,

as if to correct this impropriety, the same sheet is repeated, with the pages rightly given, viz. 203, 204.

I concluded that here, as in the former instance, there was merely a rectification of the pages, but on examination I discovered the following variations :

In page 194, the sheet beginning "A ripe age," is given to *Orlando*. In page 204, it is rightly assigned to the *Clown*. And the succeeding speech given in page 194, to the *Clown*, is, in the corrected sheet, appropriated to *William*.

It is probable that none of the few possessors of the *First Folio* are aware of these *facts*. The information therefore will be to them not incurious ; but I draw an inference from this discovery which goes beyond mere matter of curiosity. It plainly shews that the Editors of the First Folio were not *careless* about the Author's text; that the press was not left to chance; that when by accident error was committed, they were anxious, notwithstanding the expence incurred by reprinting or canceling, to correct such error ; and consequently, it more strongly establishes (in opposition to what some sticklers for the superiority, and authenticity of the second folio, have insinuated) that the FIRST FOLIO, furnishes the *only authentic copy* of those plays of Shakspeare which were then for the first time published.

It is to be presumed that, if the Editors were so scrupulous as to cancel a sheet on account of mere *errors of the press*, they were still more anxious that the *text itself* should be accurately printed from the Author's genuine copy, "absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them."

It is singular enough that the sheet as well as the cancel, should, in both instances, have been bound up in my copy ;—but so it is.

COLONEL BOWDEN.

This gentleman being in the stage-box one night when Mrs. Pritchard was playing in the masque of *Britannia*, her pasteboard armour was buckled on so tight, particularly about the neck, that she could hardly articulate her words. This created some confusion for a time; when Bowden, seeing the cause, stuttered out as loud as he could, "Will nobody slit that dear woman's dripping-pan for her? If they don't, poor *Britannia* will be nu-done."

POETRY.

ODE.

WINTER! thy cloud-envelop'd form,
Thy howling blast, and bitter storm,
To me with nought of terror sound!
For many a day's delight is thine,
When votive each at pleasure's shrine,
We join with smiles of joy, the dancers' merry round

Dear 'tis to mark the orient blaze
Of May's bright morn; and dear to gaze
Upon the scenes which summer yields,
When nature, deck'd in mellow hue
Spreads her warm prospects to the view,
Of shadowy woods, and lawns, and flow'r emblossom'd fields!

And dear, to nature's simple child,
To mark the close of evening mild,
When sinks the sun in splendid pride,
And leaves upon the lonely glade
A browner tint, a solemn shade,
Whilst lovely seems the scene tho' dim-descried.

But yet to me as dear the joy,
Whilst wint'ry clouds obscure the sky,
The dancers' merry group to join
Where beauty charms, and blandly smiling,
The soul of all its cares beguiling,
Seems, tripping light along, with added charms to shine.

Young health whose cheeks the rose adorn,
Who breasts the cheering breeze of morn,
And e'er delights with exercise to rove,
Joins in the dances' mazy measures,
With many a group of laughing pleasures,
And soft desire, and ever-glowing love!

And cheerfulness of placid mien,
Of witching smile, and brow serene,
Joins, too, the dancers' merry throng;

And joy with many a sportive lay,
And harmless jest, and antic gay,
  Mingles with happy looks the festive train among!—
When harmony with rapid notes,
In many a varied cadence floats,
  And loud the brisk-ton'd viol sounds,
E'en age forgets each latent pain
Joins with wild glee the jocund train,
  And to the sprighly tune, with lively motion bounds.
Then e'er with smiles shall I receive thee,
And, winter! e'er a welcome give thee,
  For with thee come the dance's pleasures,
Where bound we sportively along
'Midst youth and beauty's blissful throng,
  In many a giddy maze to joy's fantastic measures.

Liverpool. W. M. T.

SONNET

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TORQUATO TASSO.

"*Tre gran don vid' io ch'in esser belle, &c.*"

THREE courtly damsels stood before my sight,
  All cast in beauty's mould, tho' each possest
  A various charm; yet every shape confest
A form the same, and every gay delight
A sister's air betray'd:———Each maiden bright
  I fondly praised, but one above the rest
  Soon kindled love's warm flame within my breast,
And still to her my thoughts will wing their flight;
  And still for her I sigh, and still my lyre
  Her name, her beauties only can inspire:—
Tho' as her semblance in the rest I view,
  Reflected, her in them I must adore,
  But sigh, and fear as each I thus pursue,
To rove a traitor to love's mighty pow'r!

Liverpool. W. M. T.

ODE

IMITATED FROM THE LATIN OF DR. JORTIN.

" *Qualis per nemoram nigra Silentia, &c.*"

Like Silence 'midst her gloomy bow'rs,
The placid fount its waters pours,
And murmuring runs from view concealed,
Thro' lonely vale, and blooming field,
Or leads with wandering curve its flood
Amid the solemn shadowy wood;
Thus for awhile around its source
It mildly bends its varying course,
'Till now with bolder flight it flows
With eddying surge, and rapid sweep,
Yet sinks again to calm repose
Amid the bosom of the deep!
So might I pass my silent way
Hid from " the garish eye of day,"
Be mine content, the Muses' lyre,
Nor wealth nor honours I desire;
Nor pant I for the civic crown,
The statesman's pow'r, or judge's gown,
Nor boasts the wreath of glory charms
If won amidst war's dire alarms,
But past my life 'mid simple pleasures,
In age resign'd I'd part with breath,
And, smiling on the world's vain treasures,
Sink in the torpid arms of death!

Liverpool. W. M. T.

SONNET.

Blest soother of the solitary hour,
Sweet poesy! I hail thy pensive pow'r!
Oft' when deserted by the friends we love,
Or doom'd the harrowing pang of pain to prove,
Thy pleasing influence, where the mind can feel,
O'er the sad soul, as softest balm will steal;
Steep in forgetfulness the sense of woe,
And o'er the breast a placid pleasure throw!—
'Tis thine to cheer the mind with grief opprest;
'Tis thine to make man's *happiest hours* more blest.
Oh! may I ever praise the gladsome day,
That saw me bow submissive to thy sway!
Well may we say, where Virtue aids the name,
Hard is the heart that owns not thy mild claim.

J. M. L.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

OCTOBER.

27. [Never acted] TIME'S A TELL-TALE. Characters by Messrs. Raymond, Elliston, Mathews, Dowton, Palmer, Russell, De Camp. Miss Mellon, Mrs. H. Siddons, Miss Duncan, Mrs. Sparks. In Act II. a dance composed by Mr. D'Egville, and performed by his pupils. In Act V. a song by Miss Duncan. Prologue, Mr. Eyre: Epilogue, Mr. Elliston. Fortune's Frolic.

28. Ibid—No Song no Supper.

29. Travellers. Mr. Braham's first appearance this season. Mustapha, Mr. Ray, [in the room of Mr. Bartley] Lying Valet.

31. Time's a Tell-tale—Rosina. Belville, Mr. Johnstone; William (1st time) Mrs. Da Ponte; Irishman, Mr. Smith. Rosina (1st time) Miss Lyon.

NOVEMBER.

2. Time's a Tell Tale—Forty Thieves.

3. Ibid.—Rosina.

4. Duenna. [Not acted for 20 years] DIVORCE. Sir Harry Trifle, Mr. Russell. Qui Tam, Mr. Mathews; Dennis Dogherty, Mr. Johnstone. Lady Harriet Trifle, Miss Mellon; Mrs. Anniseed Mrs. Sparks; Biddy, Mrs. Bland.

5. Time's a Tell-tale—Rosina.

6. Love for Love—Divorce.

7. Time's a Tell-tale—Matrimony.

9. Ibid.—Wood Dæmon.

10. School for Scandal—My Grandmother.

11. Time's a Tell-tale—Rosina

12. Travellers—Bon Ton.

14. Much Ado about Nothing. Benedick, Mr. Elliston; Claudio, Mr. Barrymore; Beatrice, Mrs. Jordan. Divorce.

16. Jealous Wife—Wood Dæmon.

17. Cabinet. Crudelia (1st time) Mrs. Scott; Constantia (1st time) Miss Lyon. Three Weeks after Marriage.

18. Time's a Tell-tale—Wood Dæmon.

19. All in the Wrong. [Never performed] a new melo drama in two acts called ELLA ROSENBERG. The overture and music by M. P. King. The characters by Messrs. Raymond, De Camp, Elliston, Bannister, Mathews. Mrs. H. Siddons, Miss Ray, Mrs. Sparks. A dance composed by Mr. D'Egville.

20. Love in a Village—Ibid.

21. Trip to Scarborough. Loveless, Young Fashion, and, Amanda (1st time) Messrs. Putnam and De Camp, and Mrs. H. Siddons—Ibid.

23. Country Girl Harcourt, Mr. Powell.—Ella Rosenberg.

24. Cabinet—Ibid.

25. Time's a Tell-tale—Ibid.

26. Wonder. Ibid.

October 27. TIME'S A TELL-TALE. This comedy, the production of Mr. Henry Siddons possesses considerable merit.

FABLE.—The father of Sir David Delmar (Mr. Raymond), a baronet and man of fortune, left, at his death, an only son and daughter, both young, and unmarried, Sir David, the heir of his father's title and fortune, was on his travels when this melancholy event happened; and, before his return, his sister, following the dictates of love more than prudence, had married the son of a neighbouring yeoman. The young and haughty baronet, on learning the intelligence, disowned his sister, who, with her husband, went to St. Domingo in quest of better fortune. Here Hardacre (Mr. Dowton), which was her husband's name, was very successful, and amassed an ample fortune. They were also blessed with two children, a son and daughter; but the health of the mother, at last, yielded to the intemperature of the climate, and she died, imploring a blessing and forgiveness for her brother, who had treated her so cruelly. Hardacre's plantation was soon afterwards burned down; while, with his son, yet a boy, he was absent, assisting to quell an insurrection in another part of the island. One of the ruffians who had set fire to his property, was in the very act of putting to death his infant daughter, when a naval officer, who had come ashore on the neighbouring beach, seized the child, and rescued her from her assassins. Blandford (Mr. Elliston) the young officer, conveyed her to his ship, as the only means of safety, and having returned home placed her in the family of his uncle, Sir David Delmar. Hardacre converting all his property into jewels and money, also returned to his native country, and the place of his birth, constantly bewailing the loss of his child, whom he considered as lost for ever. His son (Mr. De Camp), however, was some consolation to him, and his friend Wyndham, who had returned with him to England, left him joint guardian with Sir David Delmar to his only daughter and heiress, Olivia (Miss Duncan). Olivia and Young Hardacre form a mutual attachment, but Sir David designs her for his nephew, and despises Hardacre living as a poor though industrious farmer in his neighbourhood. Sir David had by extravagance involved himself in difficulties, and had no other means of adjusting his desperate affairs but by accomplishing this marriage. His nephew, however, on his second return from sea, is averse to marriage, and proof against all the charms of Miss Wyndham, but contracts a warm passion for his fair *protegee* (Mrs. H. Siddons), who is equally attached to him, as her deliverer and benefactor. Sir David, disappointed in his nephew, then destines Sir Arthur Tessel (Mr. Russell) a man of fashion, and a rake, for the husband of Olivia, having no doubt that Sir Arthur would, by this means, relieve him from his embarrassments. Sir Arthur, in order to ingratiate himself into the family, had previously paid his court to Miss Venusia (Mrs. Sparks), the maiden sister of Sir David, who, though above her meridian, and affecting the learned lady, had no objection to a husband or lover. Sir Arthur, by the instigation of Sir David, sends young Hardacre a challenge, after having written to his colonel in his prejudice. The duel is prevented by Blandford, who has an interview with old Hardacre, and discovers him to be the father of his young *protegee*. Sir David is reduced to the necessity of leaving the kingdom on account of his creditors, when Hardacre pays all

his debts, and discovers himself as the husband of his late sister. A double marriage then takes place, between young Hardacre and Olivia, and Captain Blandford and his *protegee*.

Neither in the plot, characters, nor incidents, has this comedy much pretension to originality, but the language is nervous and elegant, the dramatic arrangement very skilful, and the story which throughout commands attention, in two or three instances productive of very powerful effects. Miss Burney's *Cecilia* has suggested a few of the ideas, and for *Blandford's* account of the rescue of *Zelidy*, Mr. Siddons is a little indebted to Marmontel's *Friendship put to the Test*. His obligations to these writers we do not impute to him as a fault; a dramatic author may borrow whatever he pleases from the novelist. We think he might have appropriated something more of *Cecilia*, without disadvantage to his piece. As for *Marmontel*, he wrote his novels expressly for the purpose of being brought upon the stage. Mr. Siddons does not seem to have aimed at much comic effect. There are only two of the characters which make any approach towards humour. One of whom has the *curiosity* of *Marplot*, but he has little to do with the business of the comedy; the other is an antiquated lady who affects literature, and might be removed from the play without doing it any injury.

It would, indeed, be easy to point out many defects in this play; the principal of which is, that it bears too much the appearance of being a modern novel turned into the dialogue of a modern comedy; but let criticism exercise all its art and ingenuity upon it, and still it must be allowed, that Mr. Siddons has displayed sufficient talent in the composition, to entitle him to a most respectable rank among the dramatic writers of the age; and to authorize very high expectations from his subsequent efforts. Elliston in *Captain Blandford*; and Dowton in *Hardacre*, exhibited some very fine acting. They were the great support of the comedy.

Oct. 4. The *Divorce*, revived. This farce has been revived for Mr. Johnstone, whose exquisite humour in Irish characters was so richly infused into his performance of *Dennis Dogherty*, that the public may expect its frequent repetition.

Nov. 14. Mr. Barrymore was advertized for the part of Claudio in *Much Ado*, but resenting the imposition of some heavy fine for non-attendance at rehearsal, he did not think proper to perform the character. Mr. H. Siddons at a short notice undertook it, and acquitted himself very creditably. Mr. Barrymore has quitted his situation in consequence of this misunderstanding.

Nov. 17. *Cabinet*. The first appearance of Braham, the great *Dieu de la Chanson*, drew an immense house on this evening, and the audience were, as usual, enraptured by his *Polacca*, &c. in Orlando. Miss Lyon has taken *Constantia*, a character always below the *par* of Mrs. H. Siddons's abilities, and by introducing some additional songs has given a new interest to the part. Mrs. Scott performed Crudelia, which was equally unworthy of the abilities of Mrs. Johnstone, who, (we forgot last month to mention) has entirely quitted the stage.

Nov. 19. ELLA ROSENBERG, a Melo Drama, by Mr. Kenny, author of the excellent farce of Raising the Wind; the well-adapted French after-piece of Matrimony; the opera of False Alarms; and an after-piece acted at Covent-garden, the name

of which we forget, and which we believe the author has no objection to forget himself.

The scene lies in the neighbourhood of a camp, in the Prussian province of Molwitz, and the action takes place immediately after a great victory has been obtained by the Electorate Prince. The heroine, Ella Rosenberg, is the wife of a young Officer, formerly a Page of the Elector, and much beloved by him. Colonel Mountfort, a man of intrigue, high in power, and possessing and unlimited influence with the Prince, conceives a passion for Ella, at a time when Rosenberg is one of his intimate friends. He then finds a pretence to insult Rosenberg, who is provoked to draw his sword upon the parade against his superior officer, and dreading the consequences, from the severity of the military law, hastens immediately, it is understood, to the capital, for the purpose of appealing to the Prince, but being heard no more of, he is supposed to have fled his country. At the commencement of the drama, two years have elapsed since the circumstance. Rosenberg's wealth is confiscated, and Ella, in a state of poverty, is under the protection of Storm, an old officer of Invalids, to whom she has been consigned by his friend, and her dying father. Mountfort, unwearied in his designs, pursues the object of his passion, discovers her new abode, and enters it in disguise. In his attempt, however, to bear her off, he is encountered by Storm, who, in the violence of his indignation, tears the scarf from the Colonel's shoulders, and tramples on it. In consequence of this outrage the invalid is made prisoner. Ella is left the victim of her persecutor, and his followers succeed in carrying her off. Mountfort then proceeds to congratulate the Elector on his victory, and finds him considering a petition from Storm, praying for a support for Rosenberg's wife. The Elector being much interested in the fate of Rosenberg, imparts his design of visiting her *incognito*, if possible, to learn the place of his retreat. Mountfort is at first alarmed, and endeavours to dissuade him; but he believes Ella in his power, and, taking advantage of the Elector's strict injunctions to enforce his martial law with the utmost rigour, to complete his security, he hurries Storm on his trial, who is immediately condemned. Ella, however, by the assistance of armed travellers, escapes, and meets her protector, guarded, on his way to execution. Storm has previously engaged the Commander of the Guard to endeavour still to find her a place of security, and at this unexpected meeting, endeavours to conceal from her his fate; but it is soon betrayed, and she is torn from him in a state of frantic agony. She is then conducted to a solitary inn by a soldier. On the approach of night, the Prince, concealing his person, fulfils his intention of visiting the cottage of Storm. On his way he encounters a man of wretched appearance, having escaped from prison, and flying from his pursuers. This man is the lost Rosenberg. He supplicates of the Elector the means of purchasing a shelter. A brief conference ensues, in which the former, without betraying himself, is led to disclose that Rosenberg has been secretly and violently imprisoned. The Elector directs him to the house where Ella has been, expressing his

intention of meeting him there in the morning, and rendering him further aid. Rosenberg gains the inn in safety, and Ella is also brought there in a state of insensibility. They are placed in different apartments. Mountfort arrives soon after, alone, in search of Ella, and, discovering her, is induced, from the wretched appearance of Rosenberg, to attempt to engage him to guard Ella while he seeks a conveyance. Rosenberg recognizes Mountfort, and accedes to his request, and on his own wife being brought before him, finds, for the first time, the author and the cause of his imprisonment. An affecting discovery takes place between Rosenberg and Ella, when the former is betrayed by the entrance of some of his pursuers, and is about again to fall into the power of Mountfort, when the Elector enters, with other pursuers, whom he himself conducts there, and through whose means he learns that Rosenberg was himself the stranger whom he had met. The Prince having obtained full conviction of the wrongs of the sufferers, the Piece concludes with the disgrace of Mountfort, the restoration of Rosenberg and Ella to rank and happiness, and the timely pardon of the brave invalid.

The merit of this piece, and no small merit it is, consists in so conducting the incidents as to command a progressive interest. The story is altogether serious; evidently of French or German origin, and bearing some features of the *Deserter*, but exceedingly well adapted to our stage, and the more creditable to the author, as its popularity will depend in no degree upon the attractions of show and machinery. Mrs. H. Siddons in the heroine appears to uncommon advantage; she never played better. Elliston also gives a very powerful support to the piece; and Raymond and De Camp deserve the best thanks of the author.

The piece is composed by Mr. *King*. The overture is spirited and pleasing; the music (the little there is of it) which accompanies the action of the piece, is very appropriate, and there is a masterly glee in the second act, which is aided very considerably by the fine, powerful, *bass* voice of Mr. Smith.

COVENT-GARDEN.

OCTOBER.

23. Beggar's Opera. Polly, Mrs. Dickons. Arbitration.

26. Coriolanus. Virgilia, Miss Norton. Review. Mactwolter, a GENTLEMAN (his 1st app.) Phœbe Whitethorn, Miss De Camp.

27. George Barnwell. Maria, Miss Norton. Harl. and Mother Goose.

28. Poor Gentleman—Ibid.

29. Isabella. [Never acted] TOO FRIENDLY BY HALF. Characters by Messrs. Munden, Blanchard, Brunton, Waddy, Farley. Mrs. Mattocks.

30. Beggar's Opera—Ibid

NOVEMBER.

2. Coriolanus—Mother Goose.

3. Cure for the Heart Ache—Ibid.

4. John Bull—Ibid.

5. COUNT OF NARBONNE. Raymond, Mr. Kemble; Austin, Mr. Pope; Theodore, Mr. C. Kemble; Fabian, Mr. Murray. Hortensia, Mrs. Siddons; Adelaide, Miss Norton; Jacqueline, Miss Waddy. Harl. and Mother Goose.

6. Romeo and Juliet—Ibid.

7. King Henry VIII.—Fortune's Frolic. Robin Rough-head, Mr. OXBERRY (his 1st appearance)

9. Coriolanus Harl. and Mother Goose.

10. Road to Ruin—Ibid.

11, WINTER'S TALE. Leontes, Mr. Kemble; Mamillius, Miss Bristow; Camillo, Mr. Creswell; Antigonus, Mr. Murray; Cleomenes, Mr. Claremont; Dion, Mr. Thompson; Phocion, Mr. Chapman; Thasius, Mr. Jeffries; Keeper of the Prison, Mr. Treby; Mariner, Mr. Atkins; Polixenes, Mr. Pope; Florizel, Mr. C. Kemble; Archidamus, Mr. Davenport; Shepherd, Mr. Blanchard; Clown, Mr. Liston; Neatherd, Mr W. Murray; Autolycus, Mr. Munden. Hermione, Mrs. Siddons; Perdita, Miss Norton; Paulina, Mrs. C. Kemble; Emilia, Mrs. Humphries; Mopsa, Mrs. Liston; Dorcas, Miss Meadows. Flitch of Bacon.

12. Speed the Plough. Bob Handy, Mr. Jones. Harl. and Mother Goose.

13. Winter's Tale—Ibid.

14. Heir at Law. Lord Duberly, Mr. OXBERRY. Turnpike Gate.

16. Winter's Tale—Mother Goose.

17. [Never acted] TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD. Music by Mr. Shield. Characters by Messrs. Thompson, *(Governor)* Bellamy, *(Marquis Raimondi)* Jones, *(Count Ignacio)* Incledon, *(Don Sebastian)* Taylor, *(Frederico)* Simmons, *(Jeronymo)* King, *(Sergeant)* Farley, *(Brazilio)* Liston, *(Hector)* Fawcett, *(Martinique)* Mrs. Dibdin *(Marchioness Raimondi)* Mrs. Davenport *(Lady Abbess)* Mrs. Dickons, *(Claudine)* Miss Bolton, *(Donna Antonia)* Mrs. Liston, *(Agatha)* Mrs. C. Kemble, *(Ursula.)* Mistake upon Mistake.

18. Ibid—Raising the Wind.

19. Ibid.—Midnight Hour.

20. Ibid.—Arbitration.

21. Two Faces under a Hood—Katharine and Petruchio Katharine, Mrs. C. Kemble.

23. Winter's Tale. Harl. and Mother Goose [the play changed to the Grecian Daughter, on account of Mr. Kemble's indisposition.]

24. Two Faces under a Hood—Follies of a Day. Page, Miss Waddy; Susan, Mrs. Gibbs.

Oct. 23. Mrs. Dickons performed Polly in the Beggar's Opera, a character in which she was deservedly very popular, when before engaged at this theatre. Nothing can exceed the taste with which she executed the several airs; and her acting was greatly applauded throughout.

Oct. 26. The gentleman who played Mactwolter, is a Mr. Adamson. He is not unacquainted with the business and trick of the stage, but his voice and manner are somewhat repulsive, and his *brogue* of the coarsest kind.

Oct 29. *Too Friendly by Half.* This farce was indifferently received on the first night, and so much disapproved of on repetition, that it was withdrawn after the second representation. One or two of the scenes are highly diverting, but the plot is unskilfully handled, and the conclusion lame and impotent.

Nov. 5. The *Count of Narbonne.* This tragedy, from Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, and consequently not a fit subject for the drama, was not revived in such a way as to excite any wish for its repetition. Mr. Kemble we must presume was ill for his performance of Narbonne was unworthy of the worst actor in his theatre. Mrs. Siddons in the description of Alphonso's death was admirable, but Hortensia has few scenes of interest, and in the first dress she gave us a perfect picture of Glumdalca. Miss Norton has few requisites for tragedy. Her recitation has no nature, and her action and deportment are obviously under the restraint of affectation. Pope in Austin was solemn and dignified. Upon the whole his was the best performance of the night.

Nov. 7. *King Henry VIII.* This play is very finely got up, and the principal characters are most excellently performed. Pope's *Harry* is a very characteristic piece of acting. Kemble's *Wolsey*, is well studied and executed in a masterly style, and Mrs. Siddons in *Catherine* is beyond all praise. This we believe is her favourite part. When Dr. Johnson asked her which of the characters of Shakspeare she preferred, she mentioned *Queen Catherine.* We must suppose it to be an adoption of which the impropriety is counterbalanced by its convenience; but it is surely highly improbable that *Cromwell*, the secretary of Catherine's greatest enemy, should be admitted into the Queen's dying chamber to pass an eulogium on his deceased master. It is equally out of all character to make Sir Henry Guildford, a man whose rank and office must have taught him the rules of decorum, enter the chamber so uncouthly, as to merit the acrimonious rebuke which falls from the Queen's lips—" this *fellow* let me ne'er see again." In Shakspeare's play the attendant of Catherine in her sick room is very properly her *gentleman usher*, and the rude messenger is some officer of her own, who in the haste to deliver his intelligence forgets the ceremony due to an invalid and a queen. These inaccuracies are discreditable to a London theatre.

Mr. Oxberry on this evening made his appearance in *Robin Rough-head*, and displayed considerable talent. His dialect and manner are much in the style of Emery, to whom he would be a good *double.* His humour is natural, his countenance capable of comic expression, and the few sentimental speeches in the part were spoken with evident sensibility. Mr. Oxberry will be of *great* use, in *little* parts. His powers are rather limited.

Nov. 11. *Winter's Tale.* This play, which was revived a few seasons ago at Drury-Lane with great pomp of scenic decoration, though in it Shakspeare, (as Dr. Warburton observes) in spite of the meanness and extravagant conduct of the fable—" warbles his native wood-notes wild," possesses very little popular attraction,

and the manner in which it is now represented is not entitled to much commendation. Kemble is *here and there* lucky, but his performance is on the whole *right doleful*, " tedious, wearisome, and heavy." Mrs. Siddons, excepting in the statue scene, has little scope for the exertion of her wonderful powers, and there is something in the incident of the child brought newly-born from its mother, and thrown on the floor, with its concomitant circumstances, so ludicrous, and at the same time so indecent, that all our veneration for Shakspeare cannot reconcile us to the situation. This difficult scene was certainly not much mended by the manner in which it was acted. Paulina was mistaken altogether. She is another *Emilia*, who conscious of the gross wrongs her mistress has sustained, loses all respect for time, place, or person, and pours forth her indignation, regardless of consequences. Unless this strong emotion is adequately felt by the actress, the effect must necessarily be lost. Mrs. Powell felt the situation, when the play was acted at Drury-Lane, and we remember that she gave importance to the whole scene. It had better be "*overdone*" than "*come tardy off.*" Mrs. Charles Kemble is an excellent actress in her proper line, but she must not venture upon *heroics*. And what could induce Mr. Kemble, who sometimes when his actors are inclined to be right, will make them appear ridiculous by thrusting his own erroneous absurdities upon them, to suffer such a glaring *misrepresentation* of the character in point of *dress* and *appearance*. The wife of old Antigonus—the " dame Partlet "—the " *crone* "—" *gross hag* "—was tricked out in all the colours of the rainbow. The *simplicity* of *Perdita* was not successfully assumed by Miss Norton. Munden's *Autolycus*, however, was excellent.

Nov. 17. *Two Faces under a Hood.* A comic opera by Mr. T. Dibdin ; the music by Mr. Shield.

The MarquisRaimondi having dissipated his fortune at the gaming-table, resigns his nobility, and quits his country to retrieve himself by commerce, leaving Claudine, his only daughter, to be educated by a female relation, who, by the father's desire, conceals from the young Lady her real rank—While supposing herself the daughter of a cottager, Claudine is addressed by Ignacio, a young officer, but the arts of Frederico, his rival, create a quarrel between the lovers—Ignacio joins his regiment abroad ; Claudine, on the death of her relation, is sent to board in a convent and all correspondence between her and Ignacio ceases.

Four years are supposed to have elapsed (at the opening of the piece) since the separation of the lovers, at which time the Marquis Raimondi returns from his commercial speculations with a fortune which enables him to resume his rank ; Claudine is made acquainted with her birth, and quits the convent for her father's palace. A day is set apart for the ceremony of the Marquis's public re-investiture and admission to his former honours, on which day Ignacio arrives from abroad, sees Claudine among the assembly, but, imposed on by the brilliancy of her habit, and the alterations and improvements which four years of absence have effected, he does not suppose her the same Lady, though he is forcibly struck with her resemblance to his favourite cottager.

Claudine takes advantage of her situation, and, with the assistance of Ursula, her waiting maid, alternately appears to him as

the young Marchioness and the simple cottager; endeavours to attract him in each character, and has the satisfaction of proving, at last, that his love is disinterested, and that he prefers the poor Claudine to the rich heiress. Connected with the foregoing story are the loves of Antonia and Sebastian, who are friends of Ignacio and Claudine.

The characters of Martinique, Brazilio, Hector, and Ursula, furnish the materials for a minor plot—Hector and Ursula, are cousins, whose uncle has left them a large sum of money on condition they marry together—to this arrangement they are equally averse, but the avarice of Hector determines him to comply with it and enjoy the whole legacy, rather than divide it with Ursula—by a trick of Brazilio's, however, he is enlisted for a soldier, and the fair division of the legacy is the condition on which he is released. Martinique is the attendant of Ignacio, who, before he sees Claudine at the assembly, sends him in quest of her to her former cottage residence, but Martinique having been let into the secret that the young Marchioness is the very lady to whom he is sent, remains concealed and joins his sweetheart Ursula to aid her lady in the innocent deception practised on the Count.

Jeronymo is an old civil officer of the city, who assumes to be deaf or blind as his convenience suits—and Frederico is a sea captain, who, having been formerly Ignacio's rival with Claudine, and seeing her again in her cottage habit, lays a plan to carry her off, and by rousing Ignacio to rescue her, hastens his decision, and thus gives him an opportunity of proving himself worthy of her. The piece then concludes with the triple union of Ignacio and Claudine, Antonia and Sebastian, Ursula and Martinique.

The bustle and variety which prevail throughout this opera render it very entertaining; the characters are not forcible, but they are pleasantly sketched, and produce all the effect which can reasonably be expected from a piece written in subservience to musical aid, and abounding with *songs* and *duetts*. The dialogue possesses considerable neatness and point, and the lyrical part of the opera is well written. The business is perhaps overloaded, and from the multiplicity of characters, the plot is somewhat perplexed; but upon the whole *Two Faces under a Hood* is creditable to its author, and possesses so many attractions that no doubt every body will be anxious to have a *peep* at them.

The music is furnished by our great English composer Shield, who has exerted his extraordinary abilities in the happiest manner; the several airs are elegantly composed, and the *concerted* pieces managed in the usual masterly style of this writer. Mrs. Dickons contributed essentially to the success of the opera by her execution of the songs allotted to her; the first, a *ballad*; the second a *polacca*; the third in the *Scots* style; the fourth a *bravura*; in all of which her exquisite taste and science were most admirably displayed. The applause she received was unbounded. Incledon has three songs, one of which is well adapted to his fine voice and spirited execution; Fawcett has an excellent comic song, very effective both as to words and music, and another has been added since the first night in which he is equally fortunate. Miss Bolton sung one song very pleasingly, with a flute *obligato* accompaniment, which was delightfully executed by Mr. W. Parke. Bellamy also exerted his vocal powers with great felicity.

We cannot conclude our remarks on this opera without congratulating the public on Mr. Shield's return to the stage, and expressing a hope that nothing may again occur to interrupt the harmony which at present subsists between him and the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre. He has sold his music for eight hundred pounds to Clementi.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Laurent is engaged at Drury-lane, and will appear in the Christmas Pantomime.

Madame Catalani has declined the Engagement offered her by Mr. Taylor for the Opera. The terms proposed were 5000 Guineas, with a stipulation that she should perform both in the Serious and Comic Opera.

The dispute between Mr. Taylor and Mr. Waters is for the present referred to arbitration, and it is supposed that a Compromise will take place to prevent the Demolition of the whole concern by the Decision of the Lord Chancellor, whose *savage soul* is not to be soothed by the *charms of Music*.

A Comedy is forthcoming at Drury-lane from the pen of a Mr. Lee.

A Tragedy at the same theatre is also announced as in rehearsal.

The melo-drama of the *Blind Boy* is from the French, and is said to abound with interesting situation. The music by Davy.

Barrymore has joined Macready at Manchester.

Mr. Frederick Jones, the Dublin Manager, is said to be in treaty for the Drury-lane property.

The Young Roscius has been adding to his profits, already immense, and some say to his reputation, by his performances at Margate, Deal, Dover, and as he has tried several new characters; *Douglas* in Percy, Sir *Edward Mortimer*, *Hotspur*, *Jeremy Diddler*, *Looney Mactwolter*, &c.

Mrs. H Johnston is expected to make her appearance soon after Christmas.

Cooke still remains, *willy-nilly*, at Appleby, notwithstanding the empty benches of Covent-Garden.

Mr, Theodore Hook is preparing a piece for Drury-Lane.

Lionel and Clarissa is in rehearsal at Drury Lane; Lionel by Mr. Braham; Clarissa, Miss Lyon.

Mr. Trotter the manager of the Worthing Theatre, is about to erect a new theatre at Gravesend.

Barrymore having quitted his situation at Drury Lane, has joined Macready's Company at Manchester.

It is erroneously stated in all the newspapers, that the late Mrs. Macklin was originally Macklin's servant. Our account of this lady in a preceding page may be relied upon.

A comedy from Mr. Colman is expected at Covent Garden in the course of the season.

A grand ballet by Mr. D'Egville on the subject of St. George and the Champions of England, is said to be preparation at Drury Lane.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES. &c.

Theatre-Royal, BATH.—The Theatre at Bath, except on a Saturday night, has been badly attended —Of the performers, Mr. Lovegrove stands foremost in the comic department. He brings to my recollection *Quick*, and the late *Collins*, whose manner he adopts. Evans would be a much better Actor where he not continually introducing his close friend *Tom Gay* to one's notice. Gattie is too slovenly ever to arrive at any perfection—to be sure, as he does not ape the Gentleman, it is not to be wondered at that such a Gentleman should not always have his stockings well gartered. Egerton, in the *Elliston line*, stands well with the audience, that is to say, he is the *Commander in Chief* in the *general* way. Bengough, with the disadvantage of a bad stage face, and light appearance, personates the heavy line of business with credit, and in such characters as Baron Wildenhaim, evinces much judgment and feeling. Mallinson is a promising Actor in the Country Boys, and has what is termed the Stage Dialect; he occasionally plays such parts as Caleb Quotem, Sambo, &c. and may be ranked in merit next to Lovegrove. Richardson, formerly of Covent Garden Theatre, a man of all work, played the other evening *Deputy Bull*, in the Review, and appeared more like an overgrown *Ox*, "he so bellowed and roared;" in truth, if he shewed any humour in the part, it must have been by his foaming at the mouth. Of the young men, Mr. Sedley takes precedence, and is highly respectable. A young gentleman lately appeared as Frederick in Lovers' Vows; it is said he came upon liking, as an apprentice, prior to being articled to his master, and his probation is not out. I don't know whether this *Apprentice* may like the profession, but he must serve more than seven years before he will be *Master* of it —Melvin, late of Covent-Garden, is engaged, and has appeared with success, particularly in the character of Michael, in the Adopted Child. The occasional bursts of passion were finely given. The description of his finding the boy was impressive and forcibly felt by the audience, who bestowed on him their very marked applause. Gomery, the Ballet Master, and Pantomime Actor of the Theatre, gets up old Dances and Pantomimes. All his Ballets are from Astley's Amphitheatre, and all his genius from Grimaldi, of Sadler's Wells. Of the Ladies, Miss Marriott stands first on the list. This Lady possesses great ability, with one great fault—the incessant roll of her eyes. This may be sometimes in character, but always *dodging the corners* makes them appear terrific. She reminds one of the nondescript, with its rolling eyeballs, in the *Phantasmagoria*. Of Miss Fisher I have nothing to say in praise; she wants a softness in her delivery;—there is a redundancy of uncouth action, and she appears a shrew in every character she represents. In Catherine she even tried to outdo herself, and gave me idea of two termagants trying which could be the greatest scold.—Miss Mills is a most pleasing, pretty, and promising Actress. —Miss Jameson is simplicity itself—her Amelia Wildenhaim is a very clever performance.—Of the female singers, the affected and

italianized Mrs. Windsor is certainly the best, and for the rest I would not give a fiddle-stick. This may be thought *bass* towards the Ladies, but were I to *harp* on the subject till this day twelvemonth, that would be the *tenor* of my opinion. A WANDERER.

Nov. 13, 1807.

Theatr HORSHAM.—Mr. Trotter has fitted up the Town Hall in a very commodious and elegant style, and on Wednesday the 18th of November, the theatre opened with the *Honeymoon* and of *Age To-morrow*, prefaced by the following appropriate address :

THE Drama's end, thus said the Bard whose name
Hath given the Drama's cause to deathless fame,
Is this—" To hold the mirror up to Nature,
" Shew Virtue its own image, Scorn her feature."
Obedient to this plan, so well design'd,
We aim to mend the morals of mankind,
And to obnoxious follies, as they pass,
With steady hand present the faithful glass ;
And though, too frequently, misjudging zeal
Against this useful scheme hath set her seal,
In every clime, 'tis known, in every age,
Virtue hath still the sanction of the Stage.
An humble votary I, but anxious still
Th'immortal Poet's purpose to fulfil,
Hither have brought my Thespian band, to shew
What sad effects from vice and folly flow ;
How surely virtue, steadily pursu'd,
Secures the blessings promis'd to the good.
And on this spot, since *Justice* * holds her seat,
Here, I'm persuaded, justice we shall meet.
We ask no more, and trusting to our cause,
We wait th'*award* of your impartial *laws*.
But though no *advocate* is needed here,
Custom prescribes that I should first appear ;
Yet 'tis to tell you only, I assure ye,
We court the sentence of an *English Jury*.
If here, *without just cause*, we shew our face,
Dismiss us from your *bar* with foul disgrace ;
But if our *ground of action* we maintain,
Indulgence here we shall not claim in vain.
In either case your judgment will be fitted,
But yet I fain would hear the word " *acquitted*"
Thus hoping, thus expecting, I withdraw ;
Your *verdict* must decide, your will is—*law*.

The company is truly respectable, consisting of the principal performers from Mr. Trotter's summer theatres at Worthing and Southend, viz. Mr. Trotter, Mr. and Mrs. Bew ; Mr. Vining ; Mr. and Mrs. Naylor ; Mr. Ellis ; Mr. J. P. Harley ; Mr. Wilkinson ; Miss Tatten ; Miss Barry ; Mrs Cory ; Miss Johnston, &c.

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* The Town Hall has been fitted up on this occasion.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the Press, or in preparation.

TRAVELS.—A description of Ceylon, by the Rev. James Cordiner, A. M. late Chaplain to the Garrison of Columbo.

POETRY.—Vol. XIV. of Dr. Anderson's Poets; containing Francis's Horace, Garth's Ovid, and Lewis's Statius. Poems by the Rev. George Crabbe, L. L. B. Travelling Recreations, by William Parsons, Esq. A Volume of Poems, by Mrs. Opie. Sonnets and Letters on moral and other interesting subjects, by Dr. Cartwright, Prebendary of Lincoln.

HISTORY.—History of Pontefract, with an account of the Castle, and the three Sieges it sustained during the Civil War, and particulars respecting the most distinguished Royalists and Parliamentarians, chiefly from MS. never before published, by Mr. Boothroyd.

BIOGRAPHY.—Life of Morland, the Painter; with remarks on his works, by G. Dawe. Life of Arthur Murphy, coæpiled from his original papers, by Jesse Foot, Esq. Mr. Murphy's Executor.

SURGERY.—A course of Lectures, comprizing a systematic reform of the modern practice of adhesion, particularly in relation to the abuses of the thread suture in the Surgery of wounds; by Mr. Samuel Young, of the London College of Surgeons.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Patriotic Sketches, written in Connaught, by Miss Owenson. Specimens of the eloquence of the British Senate from Charles I. to the present time, with biographical notes, &c. Adventures of Robert Drury, during fifteen years imprisonment in the island of Madagascar. The BRITISH NOVELISTS, selected by Mrs. Barbauld, including the best works of Mrs. Brooke, Dr. Moore, Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Radcliffe, Madame D'Arblay, &c. Oxoniana, or Anecdotes, Historical, Antiquarian, and Biographical, compiled chiefly from original MS. in the Bodleian and other Libraries at Oxford. Characteristic Anecdotes of Men of Genius, from the time of Henry VIII.

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